

Life

AUTOMOBILE NUMBER

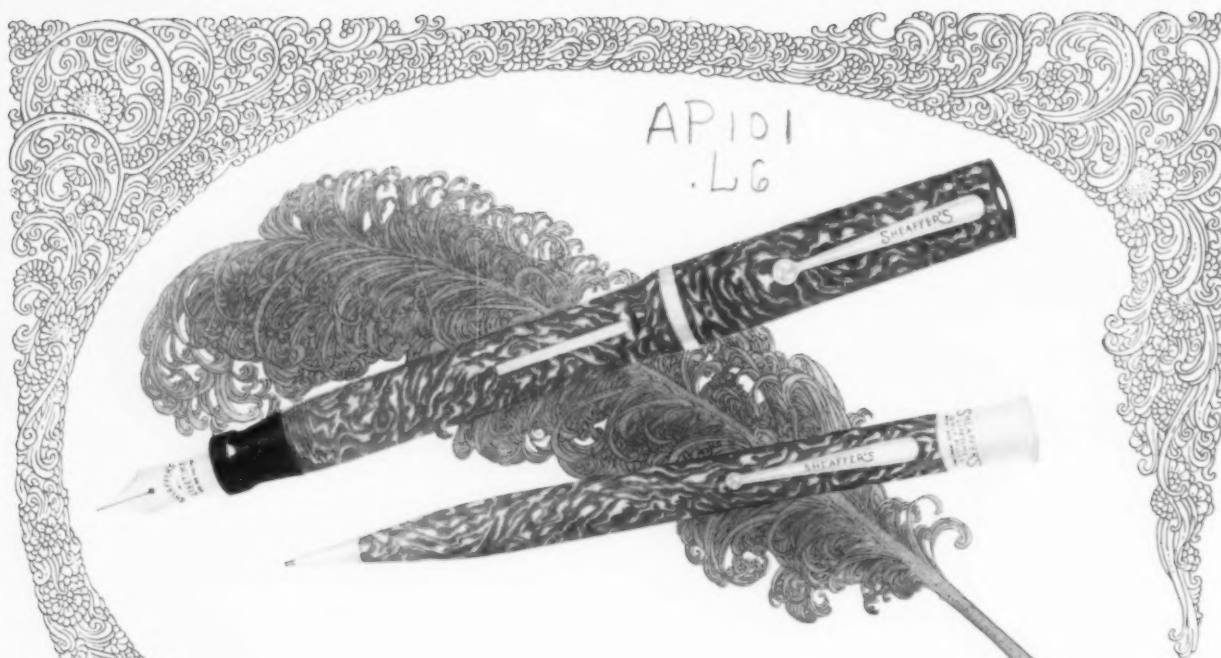
Y.87



JANUARY 7 1926

A QUICK PICK-UP

PRICE 15 CENTS



The sign of



a Lifetime

*Radite makes the indestructible
pen, and it is light in weight*

The first pen was a dainty quill. The ultimate perfection of the writing tool idea is a light weight fountain pen that is an infallible performer. Radite, a new jewel-like material, practically unbreakable, has made that possible. And the Lifetime pen is made of Radite. Light in weight, beautiful in appearance, a masterpiece in mechanical construction, with a writing point that is unconditionally guaranteed for a lifetime, it was inevitable that this remarkable instrument should rapidly advance to its present outstanding leadership. A real American success. Today at better dealers everywhere.

"Lifetime" pen, \$8.75—pencil, \$4.25—guaranteed. Others lower

SHEAFFER'S
PENS • PENCILS • SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON, IOWA

How 171727



**A big beautiful Six ~ ~
five-passenger, four-
door, four brakes,
balloon tires, and a
Hupmobile ~ ~ at a re-
markable price**



*Hundreds bought before any distributor had a sample.
That is the way the public values Hupmobile reputation.*

HUPMOBILE SIX

Dec 17/17/27



Audrey (in a confessional mood): "WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE DRINK, TOM?"

Tom: "I DECLINE TO ANSWER WITHOUT THE ADVICE OF MY ATTORNEYS."

Audrey: "WELL, THEN, SMARTY, WHAT IS YOUR NEXT TO FAVORITE DRINK?"

*Tom: "THIS NEW CLICQUOT CLUB PALE DRY GINGER ALE—AND
LET'S ORDER SOME."*

*A rare delicate flavor, truly See. A sparkling delight to
drink by itself, this Pale Dry Clicquot Club Ginger Ale
adds its charm to any other drink you mix it with. . . .
The Clicquot Club Company, Millis, Massachusetts.*

LAST CALL!

Classical and Literary
Little Blue Books Only
Until February 28 At **5c**

Extraordinary Change in Policy—Classical and Literary Titles to Be Withdrawn After
February 28, 1926—Rush Your Order Today If You Want Great Books at 5c

DRASTIC ACTION NECESSARY

Tremendous distribution is essential to maintain 5c price. We must keep our presses going. It is impossible to do so with classical titles, so we are going to substitute more popular books.

- | | | | | |
|---|--|--|---|--|
| 58 Tales from Decameron. Boccaccio | 726 Facts About Venereal Diseases | 137 Home Nursing. Matilde | 499 Dictionary Classical Mythology | 156 Andersen's Fairy Tales |
| 672 Illicit Love. Boccaccio | 734 Book of Useful Phrases | 141 Life of Napoleon | 513 Travels of Marco Polo | 911 Is Humanity Getting Anywhere? Darrow vs. Starr |
| 673 Tales of Love and Life. Boccaccio | 746 Daughter of Eve. Harris | 143 Time of Terror, etc. Balzac | 514 How to Write Poetry | 950 Determination of Sex |
| 674 The Falcon, etc. Boccaccio | 795 Gunga Din, and Other Poems. Kipling | 148 Strength of Strong. Jack London | 515 Fall of Louis XVI | 912 God from Machine, etc. Kipling |
| 14 What Girls Should Know. Sanger | 800 Sex in Psycho-Analysis | 149 Crimes and Criminals | 524 Death and Its Problems | 246 Hamlet. Shakespeare |
| 653 What Boys Should Know. Fielding | 804 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams | 150 Lost Civilizations | 538 Tales of Robin Hood | 247 Macbeth |
| 654 What Young Men Should Know | 815 Book of Familiar Quotations | 151 Man Who Would Be King, etc. Kipling | 540 Stories of Many Hues. Gourmont | 249 Julius Caesar |
| 655 What Young Women Should Know | 821 How to Improve Your Vocabulary | 152 Chinese Philosophy of Life | 541 Brightly Colored Tales. Gourmont | 250 Romeo and Juliet |
| 656 What Married Men Should Know | 835 Book of Useful Tables | 153 Murders in Rue Morgue. Poe | 554 Child's Garden of Verses. Stevenson | 243 Twelfth Night |
| 657 What Married Women Should Know | 847 How to Play Card Games | 171 Has Life Any Meaning? (Debate) | 559 Robinson Crusoe | 268 Merchant of Venice |
| 536 What Women Past 40 Should Know | 855 How to Write Letters | 176 Four Sex Essays. Ellis | 561 African Jungle Tales | 262 Comedy of Errors |
| 690 Man's Sexual Life | 856-857 Arithmetic Self Taught (2 vols.) | 182 Daisy Miller. James | 568 Darwin and Evolution | 251 Midsummer Night's Dream |
| 689 Woman's Sexual Life | 864 Confidential Chats with Husbands | 186 How I Wrote "The Raven." Poe | 577 Eliot's Lifted Veil | 240 The Tempest |
| 691 Child's Sexual Life | 868 General Hints on Self-Improvement | 188 Munchausen's Adventures | 603 A-B-C Electron Theory | 2 Wilde's Reading Jail |
| 74 Physiology of Sex Life | 876 Curiosities of Mathematics | 191 Evolution vs. Dogma | 604 Life of Roosevelt | 30 What Life Means to Me. Jack London |
| 1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam | 883 Debate on Capital Punishment | 199 Tallow Ball. Maupassant | 609 Are Planets Inhabited? Pilgrim's Progress | 41 Dickens' Christmas Carol |
| 98 How to Love. Wood | 884 Debate on Prohibition. Darrow vs. Holmes | 214 Speeches of Lincoln | 621 Disraeli's Wit and Wisdom | 53 Darrow's Insects and Men |
| 556 Hints on Etiquette | 886 Piece of String, etc. Maupassant | 215 Miraculous Revenge. Shaw | 627 History of Jews | 56 Wisdom of Ingersoll |
| 893 Five Hundred Riddles | 887 Necklace, etc. Maupassant | 216 Wit of Heine | 629 Handbook of Legal Forms | 62 Religion and Pantheism. Schopenhauer |
| 6 Love, etc. Maupassant | 894 How to Advertise | 218 Essence of Talmud | 631 Sinclair's Naturewoman | 90 Gilbert's Mikado |
| 15 Atheist's Mass, etc. Balzac | 895 Astronomy for Beginners | 219 Human Tragedy. Anatole France | 650 K-K-K: Creed of Klansmen | 92 Hypnotism Made Plain |
| 23 Great Sea Stories | 903 Facts About Syphilis | 221 Women, etc. Matherlinck | 652 Is K-K-K Destructive? | 123 Life of Mme. du Barry |
| 38 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Stevenson | 3 Voltaire's Essays | 222 Vampire, and Other Poems. Kipling | 659 Dreiser's Lost Phoebe | 293 Villon: Poet and House-breaker |
| 66 Crimes of Borgias. Dumas | 4 Paine's Age of Reason | 232 Three Strangers. Hardy | 661 Dreiser's Neurotic America and Sex Impulse | 301 Sailor Chanties and Cowboy Songs |
| 78 Hints on Public Speaking | 7 Huxley's Liberal Education | 275 Building of the Earth | 663 Journalism in Tennessee. Mark Twain | 311 Lodging for the Night. Stevenson |
| 82 Common Faults in Writing English | 8 Wilde's Lady Windermere's Fan | 277 Man Without a Country. Hale | 679 Chemistry for Beginners | 327 The Ice Age |
| 91 Manhood: Life Facts Presented to Men | 12 Poe's Tales of Mystery | 284 Robert Burns' Poems | 685 Hints on Interior Decoration | 342 Hints on News Reporting |
| 102 Sherlock Holmes Tales. Conan Doyle | 13 Man and His Ancestors | 290 Gold Bug. Poe | 694 Evidence for Evolution | 377 Night in the Luxembourg |
| 145 Great Ghost Stories | 16 Ibsen's Ghosts | 291 Jumping Frog. Mark Twain | 698 Tales of Chicago Streets. Hecht | 384 Strindberg's Plays |
| 163 Sex Life in Greece and Rome | 18 Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow | 300 Terrorism in France. Dumas | 703 Physiology Self Taught | 437 How to Write Scenarios |
| 166 English as She is Spoke. Mark Twain | 20 Nasby's Let's Laugh | 302 Ibsen's Wild Duck | 715 Auction Bridge for Beginners | 438-439 Mme. Pompadour's Secret Memoirs |
| 178 One of Cleopatra's Nights | 21 Marime's Carmen | 304 What Great Women Have Said About Men | 735 Confessions of St. Augustine | 517 Life of Mark Twain |
| 189 Eugenia. Ellis | 24 The Kiss, etc. Chekhov | 314 Daudet's Short Stories. Balzac | 738 Poor Richard's Almanac | 628 Making of Old Testament |
| 190 Psycho-Analysis: Key to Behavior | 27 Last Days of a Condemned Man. Hugo | 321 History of Evolution | 741 Poems of Whittier | 640 Apostate. Jack London |
| 192 Book of Synonyms | 32 Poe's Poems | 323 Life of Joan of Arc | 749 Camping Manual | 669 Josh Billings' Humorous Epigrams |
| 203 Love Rights of Women. Havelock Ellis | 34 Mystery of Iron Mask | 324 Life of Lincoln | 753 Essence of Catholicism | 687 U. S. Constitution |
| 208 Birth Control Debate | 42 Origin of Human Race | 326 How to Write Short Stories | 761 Food and Diet | 727 Psychology of Affections |
| 209 Aspects of Birth Control | 43 Debate on Marriage and Divorce | 329-330 Dante's Inferno | 771 Bill Nye's Humor | 764 How to Write Book Reviews |
| 217 Psycho-Analysis: Puzzle of Personality | 44 Aesop's Fables | 331 Finest Story in World, etc. Kipling | 782 Psycho-Analysis: Link Between Mind and Body | 899 Rome as Seen by Juvenal |
| 231 Humorous Sketches. Mark Twain | 45 Tolstoy's Short Stories | 332 Man Who Was, etc. Kipling | 784 Psycho-Analysis Association Tests | 870 Facts About Tuberculosis |
| 239 26 Men and Girl. Gorki | 46 Wilde's Salome | 333 Mulvaney Stories. Kipling | 783 Mandalay, and Other Poems. Kipling | 816 Shakespearean Quotations |
| 286 Prostitution in Ancient World | 50 Paine's Common Sense | 343 Diary of Columbus | 787 Harlot's House, and Other Poems. Wilde | 778 Environment of Life |
| 292 Mlle. Fif, etc. Maupassant | 54 Wilde's Importance of Being Earnest | 344 Don Juan, etc. Balzac | 797 20 Years Among African Negroes | 796 Story of Sioux Indians |
| 336 Mark of the Beast, etc. Kipling | 69 Dumas' Mary, Queen of Scots | 350 Ibsen's Hedda Gabler | 827 Life Among Monkeys | 745 Harris' Montes: Matador and Lover |
| 582 Philosophic Nights in Paris. Gourmont | 73 Whittman's Poems | 352 Morris' Short Stories | 829 Darrow's Voltaire Lecture | 744 Poems of Shelley |
| 639 Most Essential English Words | 77 What Great Men Have Said About Women | 353 Ibsen's Doll's House | 831 Crossword Puzzle Book | 710 Botany for Beginners |
| 648 Rejuvenation: New Fountain of Youth | 83 Discussion of Marriage | 357 City of Dreadful Night. Kipling | 836 Bluebeard, Cinderella | 709 Sociology for Beginners |
| 651 How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself | 84 Love Letters of a Portuguese Nun | 376 Wilde's Woman of No Importance | 833 Life Among Ants | 706 Should the Bible be in Schools? |
| 662 Amusing Answers to Correspondents. Mark Twain | 93 How to Live 100 Years | 382 Lincoln's Wisdom and Humor | 840 Lies of Our Civilization. Nordau | 675 Bernhard's Philosophy of Love |
| 668 Humorous Fables. Mark Twain | 94 Trial and Death of Socrates | 386 Creatures That Once Were Men. Gorki | 851 Sources of Bible Myths | 665 Love Letters of Sarah Bernhardt to Sardou |
| 681 Spelling Self Taught | 95 Confessions of an Opium-Eater | 394 Boswell's Life of Johnson | 861 Behaviorism: New Psychology | 575 Essays in Ethics. Schopenhauer |
| 683 Punctuation Self Taught | 97 Self-Contradictions of the Bible | 395 Cellini: Fiery-Hearted Sculptor | 866 Untold Lie, etc. Anderson | 558 Great Pirates |
| 822 Rhetoric Self Taught | 100 Red Laugh. Andreyev | 397 Irish Fairy Tales | 867 Cicero's Letters | 522 Life of Thos. Paine |
| 823 Composition Self Taught | 105 Seven Who Were Hanged. Andreyev | 398 Irish Folk Songs | 871 Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise | 468 History of Architecture |
| 696 How to Pronounce 4,000 Proper Names | 107 Dream-Woman. Collins | 399 Sinbad the Sailor | 872 Manual of Parliamentary Law | 493 Novel Discoveries in Science |
| 697 4,000 Words Often Mispronounced | 108 Fall of House of Usher. Poe | 400 Ali Baba: Aladdin | 888 Memoirs of Mme. de Staël | 497 Legends of Ancient Heroes |
| 717 Modern Sexual Morality | 122 Spiritualism Debate | 403 History of Music | 903 Facts About Syphilis | 419 Origin of Life |
| | 125 War Speeches of Wilson | 405 Outline of Economics | 904 Sex Symbolism | 391 Dog of Flanders. Ouida |
| | 126 History of Rome | 414 Art of Happiness | 910 Is Life Worth Living? Darrow vs. Starr | 381 Dickens' Wit and Wisdom |
| | 127 What Expectant Mothers Should Know | 417 Nature of Dreams | 289 Pepy's Diary | 348 Proverbs of Scotland |
| | 129 Rome or Reason (Debate) | 428 Essence of Koran | | 308 Goldsmith's She Stoops to Conquer |
| | 130 Controversy on Christianity | 430 Poultry for Profit | | 104 Battle of Waterloo |
| | 133 Principles of Electricity | 432 Tragic Story of Oscar Wilde's Life | | |
| | | 447 Auto-Suggestion | | |
| | | 463 Art of Reading | | |
| | | 465 Esperanto for Beginners | | |
| | | 482 Five Weeks in a Balloon. Verne | | |
| | | 485 Voyage to Moon. Verne | | |
| | | 489 Yiddish Short Stories | | |
| | | 491 Psychology for Beginners | | |
| | | 498 Greek and Roman Mythology | | |

ORDER BEFORE FEBRUARY 28

These titles are selected from a large list: complete catalogue mailed on request. ORDER BY NUMBER: To order "Carmen" put down "21." Minimum quantity is 20 books (\$1)—Canada and foreign price 7c per book. Add 10 per cent for carriage charges, or books are sent express collect. Send money order, check (add 10c for exchange), stamps, or cash with all orders.

HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY

Dept. A-130

GIRARD, KANSAS

REED & BARTON LOUIS XVI PATTERN



*Louis XVI Coffee Pot,
Sugar and Cream*

Louis XVI Tea Spoon

The Spirit of Revelry of a Famous French Court—in Silverware!

THE Louis XVI Pattern in Reed & Barton silver plate brings with it a suggestion, ever so subtle, of the gaiety, the laughter, the culture, the *charm* of the French court from which it takes its name. But beneath the captivating design, there is the same thick, durable silver plate for which the house of Reed & Barton has long been famous. You may be sure when you select Reed and Barton silver plate that it is worthy in every way of Reed & Barton's century of experience in making fine table ware.

Ask your jeweler to show you the Louis XVI pattern in both hollow ware and flatware today.

REED & BARTON, TAUNTON, MASS.

REED & BARTON
TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS
 ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS
 SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

JAN-5'26

©C18689493

Life

AUTOMOBILE

NUMBER

I WANT to tell you this car of mine is some boat!
She'll road sixty-five as quiet as twenty.
Start her on high at the foot of Dyckman Street Hill
And she'll be breezing thirty
Over the top.
She's got more than speed, too.
I want to tell you this car is some tough baby.
This car is built right.
The maker put his money into the machinery,
The place where it does the most good.
Why, she wasn't broken in till she'd gone five thousand.
Carbon? Oh, she may knock a little every ten thousand or so.
That's all.
Listen to that motor, will you?

At the Dealer's

Sweet as candy, huh?
Thirty thousand miles she's been turning over, though.
Never guess it, would you?
Not a rattle in her anywhere, either.
Some chassis, I'm saying.
Every bolt as tight as the day it came out of the shop.
I'm telling you—
This one is tough.
Cast your eye over that paint job.
Ten years old and looks like new.
I'll leave it to you if it isn't.
I'm telling you—
The Zippo people make a car *right!*
R-I-T-E right is right!
I'm telling you!
Why, this one's good for ten years yet.
I wouldn't take half what I paid for her on a trade-in right now!

It wouldn't pay me to.
Cheaper to run her until she's worn out.
This car will still be on the road when a couple like that Tino you're selling
Are ready for the junk heap.
What?
You'll allow two hundred!
Two HUNDRED?
TWO hundred!?

Well, when can you give me delivery?
Baron Ireland.

One-Man Show

DICKY: My dad is an Elk, a Lion, a Moose and an Eagle.
MICKY: Gee! Wot does it cost to see him?



TOUGH LUCK

"SO YOU HIKED FROM 'FRISCO TO NEW YORK IN EIGHT DAYS!"
"YES. I SHOULD HAVE MADE IT IN SEVEN, BUT I HAD TO WALK TEN MILES."



Suitor: MAY I MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER?

Auto Dealer (absently): YES, BUT I CAN'T GUARANTEE DELIVERY UNTIL 1927.

The Car of Cars

"HERE is the latest and the best little buy on the market," indicated the enthusiastic automobile salesman.

"The paint job's a little startling," I remarked.

"I grant you that the cover's a bright red," said the salesman. "The body is yellow with broad purple stripes and the wheels are pink. But ah!"

"What'll she do?"

"Absolutely not a bit more than twenty miles an hour," the salesman vowed. "But ah!"

"Humph! Stand up well?"

"The springs and the tires will not stand rough usage. Heavy weights flung into the tonneau will crash through the floor boards. But ah!"

"No self-starter, I see."

"Not a sign of one, and I might add that she takes some cranking before she catches." And the salesman gloated another "ah!"

"Great grief!" I exclaimed. "You offer me this perfectly terrific bus and you want a big price for it. What do you mean, 'But ah!'?"

"AH!" the salesman fairly chortled. "I ask you, is any crook going to swipe this car from you? Are any bandits going to appropriate this to make a jewelry or fur haul? Is any gunman likely to jump

into this sterling car to make a getaway? Will any of the children want to take this out for a joy ride?"

"Ah!" I pæaned, reaching for my check book.

"Ah!" the salesman echoed, accepting the check.

The ahs had it

Fairfax Downey.

THE first European country that offers to pay its war debts in anthracite coal can count on our support in the next war.



Welfare Worker: AH, MY POOR MAN, WHAT WAS YOUR TROUBLE?

Prisoner: I KILLED A MAN WHILE DRIVING AN AUTOMOBILE.

"WELL, WELL! THAT WAS UNFORTUNATE. BUT WHAT ARE YOU IN HERE FOR?"

The Poets' Corner

I'M rather bad at metaphor;
I'm very weak on similes;
In writing verses I am hors
De combat—even as in these.

Your eyes are blue as—I don't know
Of anything so blue and bright.
My love is deep as—that won't go.
My love—my love—is—oh, good
night!

I cannot woo you, dear, in rhyme;
I never find a phrase that's pat.
I think you're perfect and sublime—
I'll have to let it go at that.

The poets have a corner on
The honeyed phrasing of amour.
The ancient flight of nymph and faun
In verse regains its swift allure.

But just remember, when I read
The clever boys aloud to you,
That, while I don't possess their speed,
I've got some swell emotions, too.

Lois Whitcomb.

The Ideal Job

THE hours are from too early in the morning for a girl to be expected to wash the breakfast dishes until too late for her to help her mother get the dinner.

The salary is too low for her to feel she ought to contribute at home and high enough to permit her to wear as few clothes as any girl in the office.

The work is hard enough to make her mother insist on the utmost recreation and easy enough to allow her strength for the Charleston.

The boss is handsome and single.

The office is close to the station, with three good drug stores in the same block.

McCready Huston.

All's Fair—

FIRST SALESMAN (with heat): What did you mean by telling Mr. Jones that my firm's product was no good?

SECOND SALESMAN: What did you mean by telling him that it was?



"THE ROMANS HAD THE RIGHT IDEA. THAT'S THE WAY TO TREAT THOSE DAMNED PEDESTRIANS
—KNIFE 'EM."

The Spice of Life

"IS it true, then, that you know the past, present, and future?" asked Algernon Coleman, a little fearfully.

"I do," answered the shade, in an awful voice.

"Then, good spirit," quavered Algernon, "could you tell me if I shall die famous? Riches, power, happiness and love mean little to me. If I could but taste of fame before I die—"

"Algernon Coleman," whispered the spirit, "I look into the mirrors of the future and see that thousands shall note your passing. Your death shall take you out of obscurity."

"Will my name be—perhaps this is asking too much—in the *Literary Digest*?"

The spirit nodded, and Algernon heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Then, kind spirit, will you tear aside the veil of the future that I may read what it says of my passing? Will it be under the head of 'Science and Invention,' or will it be noted in 'Letters and Art'?"

The shade smiled for the first time, then stretched forth his wand.

"Read," he said.

"Algernon Coleman, of 451 Eighth Street, died to-day after being struck by a truck early to-morrow afternoon."

The funeral will be held yesterday.—The Kansas City (Kans.) Kansan.

Algernon groaned aloud. The item was on the humor page. A printer's error had brought him fame!

Paul S. Powers.

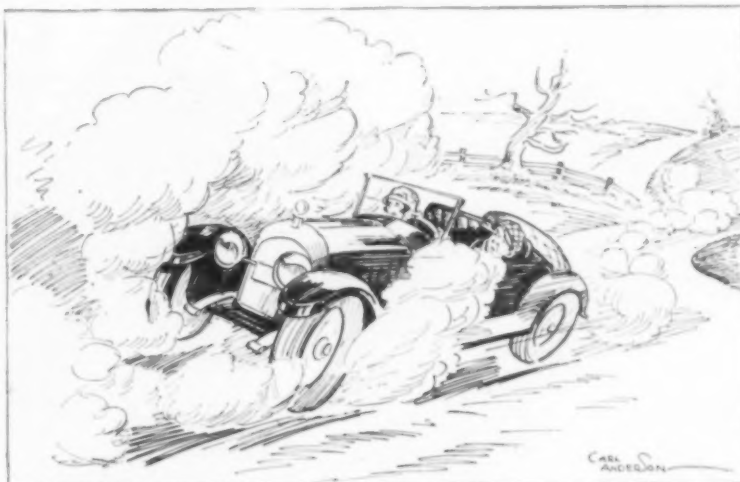
A WORD to the wife is never sufficient.

What's the Use?

MR. PETERS: At last we're out of debt.

MRS. PETERS: Oh, goody! Now I can get credit again!

FAIRY STORY—Once a great liner arrived at New York not carrying a foreign debt commission.



"SOMEBODY'S GIVIN' US THEIR DUST!"

"NO, IT'S OUR OWN DUST THAT WE CAUGHT UP WITH WHEN WE MADE THAT DETOUR."



UNFORTUNATELY for the pitiable state of Mr. RED GRANGE's finances, the thousands—the exact figures escape us—of yards he won last year were not gained in Florida real estate.

It develops that the new Shah of Persia was once a stable boy. If he had only carried ice, there is no telling to what heights he might have climbed.

Lecturing in Moscow, a Russian poet recently declared: "America has neither

love of art nor literature, ideals nor honesty, nor justice." There is a widespread suspicion that he had been reading the *American Mercury*.

"Her eyelids quivered and a tear trickled down and mingled with the beads of perspiration on her temple."—*From a story in The Pictorial Review*. It's a good trick, as HOUDINI told MARGERY, the medium, if you can do it.

After the coal strike started, parties of miners and their wives sailed from

Philadelphia for a trip abroad. Suggested slogan for the United Mine Workers: "Join the Navy and See the World!"

PIERRE BRISSON, dramatic critic of the *Paris Temps*, has just fought a duel with the stepson of CORA LA PARCERIE, French actress. Although the exact cause is not given, it is probable M. BRISSON termed the lady's performance "adequate."

A campaign is to be started in Europe, according to the *New York Sun*, for a single language for radio international broadcasting. Our ballot is hereby cast for the sign code employed by the deaf and dumb.

"I wish there were a world series in poetry," said CLEMENT WOOD in a lecture in Boston recently. But who would want to play the Pirates in the Authors' League?

Definition of "hyperbole," as given by the late Mr. NOAH WEBSTER: "A figure of speech in which the expression evidently exaggerates the meaning to be conveyed."

Example: "Prohibition enforcement."

Our Privileged Class

THEY always have plenty of money.
They pay no income tax.
They don't have to work.
They park wherever they please.
They can go South in the winter and North in the summer.
They are never approached by bill collectors.
They are not required to serve on juries.
They are never pestered by subscription solicitors.
They can get their names on the first page any time without the expense of a press agent.
They can take anything or leave it.
No wonder the country is overrun with bandits.

H. Hovious Rafferty.



THE FORD CIVILIZATION REACHES AFRICA



PUTTING ON A LOT OF DOG

The Car Parker

"GLAD you're going to keep your car in our garage," exclaimed the grimy mechanic. "Bring her in."

I backed in and turned to look at him expectantly.

"Turn your wheels right!" he belted. I turned them right.

"Now cut in to the left and put her in reverse," he shouted. "No, not that way. Bring the rear over about three feet. No, no, no! Put the front wheels around to the left and then shift into thoid."

Meekly I complied.

"Three feet to the left and then a quick shift into reverse," he shouted. "Then bring up the left front wheel until it's three inches that way! Turn in and give her the gas in first speed. Then put her into high and reverse. Quick, now away you go and then make a complete turn to the left and then a quick turn to the right until you come within two feet of this car. Whoa, there, easy now...easy...let her go!"

Half an hour had passed and I hadn't made any progress. Bathed in perspiration, I stepped off the running-board. But he was too quick for me.

"Those front wheels are one-eighth of an inch from the wall," he shouted. "The regulations say they must be one-sixteenth. Get in. Back out. Turn around. Put her in reverse. No, not like that! Give them a hard, sharp turn and then wheel right. Now, left

again and then right once more. Hard now—swing the front in. No, not that way! Put her in second. Now a hard, sharp swing and then ease her up a little and put her in high. Now, back up and put her into first——"

But that's as far as he got. I leaned out and tapped him ever so gently with a monkey wrench. Then I turned to my trembling flivver.

"Jennie!" I shouted. "Go to bed."

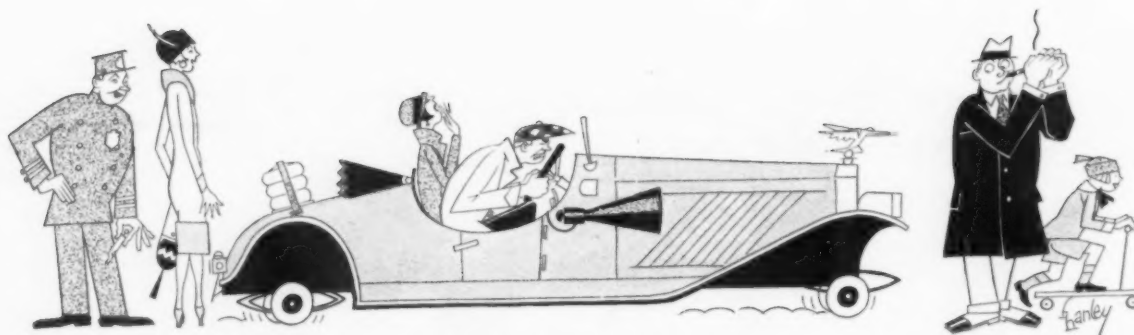
In three seconds my car had found a berth, curled up, and was sound asleep for the night.

Arthur L. Lippmann.

AMERICA does cling to old customs, after all. Nobody has tried to capitalize New Year's week in an effort to sell 1926 to the people.



"AHA! SO YOU ARE THE GUY THAT ALWAYS TRIED TO RACE AHEAD OF THE TRAINS AT RAILWAY CROSSINGS! WELL, NOW, MISTER, SEE IF YOU CAN RACE TWO LEAPS AHEAD OF ME."



WHY NOT A LAW REGULATING THE SIZE OF THE WHEEL BY THE NUMBER OF SPEED VIOLATIONS?

The Air Is Free, Too

"I've got to buy a new tube."

"Radio?"

"No, auto."

"That reminds me; my battery is run down."

"Auto?"

"No, radio."

"I've got three thousand miles on mine without a bit of trouble."

"Six thousand on mine, easy."

"Your radio?"

"No, my auto."

"Dammit! Let's change the mixture."

Bill Sykes.

MORE than 700,000 voters of New York State failed to cast their ballots on the four proposed constitutional amendments, it is revealed. Such negligence and lack of public spirit cannot be too gravely deplored. And—er—by the way, what *were* the four amendments?

A Matter of Location

SMALL BOY: Father, what do they mean when they say "Civic Pride"?

THE FATHER: Well, it's something like this. If the State institution for the demented is located in our own city we refer to it as the State Hospital; if, however, it is located in another city we call it the Insane Asylum.

"DEEDS, not words," said the Florida realtor.



"OH, DEAR, I'M AFRAID THAT OFFICER IS GOING TO CATCH ME FOR FAST DRIVING."

Dear Old Lady: CAN'T YOU DRIVE FASTER?

Lines to a Faded Derby

(With Sincere Wishes for an Unhappy New Year)

GONE is the aureate halo that scattered
Splendor about you wherever you passed;
Battered and spattered and woefully shattered,
Time and the hour have caught you at last.
Meek like the rest of us, weak like the best of us,
Fashion has dealt you a staggering blow;
Now you are merely the sport and the jest of us,
Only a ghost of a grand long-ago.

Was it not Edward, proud Prince of the British,
Who in his well-bred discretion chose you?
Then you were dazzling and rakishly skittish;
Now, poor old has-been, you're dented and through.
Gracious civility, spacious gentility
Under your dome enjoyed fulness of days;
Now you have touched the last rung of humility,
Even cast off by detectives in plays.

Elias Lieberman.

Mind Over Motor

AFTER many years of labor and thought, involving millions of dollars and a huge corps of highly trained policemen, New York City has at last developed a perfect traffic system.

For instance, take Fifth Avenue (no, leave it where it is; go, rather, and view it). Stand on the corner of Forty-second Street about three-thirty in the afternoon; tell the boss you want to go down and play in the Stock Market a while.

If you are of medium height—six feet three or more—you may be able to see over the heads of the crowd. And what a sight, dear friend, will meet your eyes!

Meticulously garbed and accoutered policemen, with large shining badges, and kindly, understanding smiles, quietly and efficiently directing the enormous stream of motors



Child Movie Star: DADDY, YOU'VE SIMPLY GOT TO BUY ME THAT LIMOUSINE OR I'LL FIRE YOU AS MY MANAGER. THEN WHERE'LL YOU BE?

and men; well-ordered lines of people walking carefully, gracefully, freely, and easily across the open way; perfectly aligned rows of cars, trucks, taxis, and buses, waiting patiently and without the least sign of haste the signal to go; tall traffic towers, silent guardians of the public safety, their red and green lights halting or motioning on with a single lovely flash the great flood of vehicles—mute monitors, glances from whose eyes can stop or start a world of motion; and above all, that perfect quiet, that conspicuous absence of blaring horns and screaming whistles which can result only from a highly perfected organization of the channels of traffic.

So's your grandmother's game of golf!
Ashbel Green, Jr.



Barker: LADIES AN' GEMMEN, WE ARE NOW ENTERIN' THE QUAIN'T AND PICTURESQUE AMURRICAN QUARTER OF NOO YAWK!

How Come?

"I HAVE here figured," declared Statistical Steve, holding aloft thirty pages of scratch paper and a pencil stub, "that if each plotted parcel of Florida orange-growing land produced one orange a year, the price of oranges would immediately drop to four for a cent. This figure does not take into consideration the lemons."

YOUNG HUSBAND: Last night when I got home my wife had my chair drawn up before the fire, my slippers ready for me to put on, my pipe all filled, and—

OLD FRIEND: How did you like her new hat?



THE GAY NINETIES

A GROUP OF THE ALUMNI OF THE CLASS OF NINETY-SOMETHING JUST EVERLASTINGLY WHOOPING THINGS UP. *Those* WERE THE DAYS WHEN COLLEGE BOYS WERE ONE HUNDRED PER CENT. HELLIONS—ASK ANY OLD GRAD.

Brothers in Arms

CLICKING his heels smartly, the huge Cossack doorman of the very Russian night club came to the salute.

"Vasily!" exclaimed a male member of the entering party.

"Georges!" replied the doorman. Followed an incoherent exchange of amenities.

"Do come along, George," said the flapper who was his especial care that evening. "Democracy is all very well, but a doorman is a doorman...."

"All right," said George. "Come down and have a drink with us later," he told the Cossack. "I was in his regiment," he explained.

"Yess—in my regiment," confirmed the Cossack, beaming as the party passed down the stairs.

• • •

"Well—old George!" The party, established at its reserved table, turned to the recent happening. "In his regi-

ment—how frightfully romantic! Why, George, we never knew—you didn't ever tell us—fancy, a Cossack!"

"Where was it, George?" asked the flapper. "Was it in Siberia? Or were you part of the Imperial Guard?"

"Was he a general, George? Or at least a colonel?"

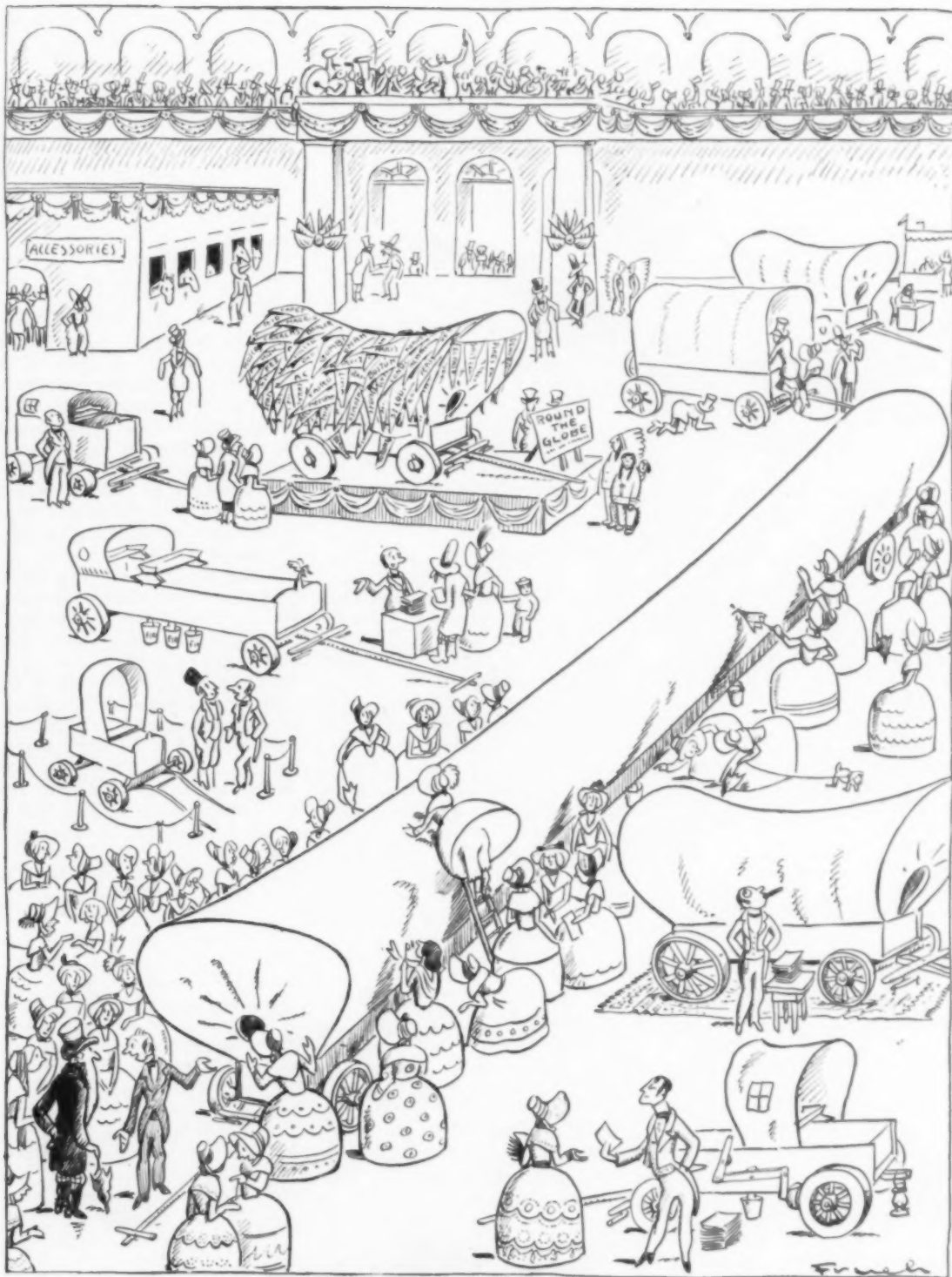
"Hell, no," said George, answering both questions at once. "This was in the 191st Reserve Infantry at Camp McWhitney in North Carolina. He was a buck private in the draft."

Henry William Hancmann.

Pretty Thick!

"MAKE everything tight, batten down the hatches and we'll ride it out under the bare sticks," ordered the Old Man as the storm broke.

"Coises!" muttered the sails, which had been made in Brooklyn. "Furled again!"



THE FIRST COVERED WAGON SHOW

BRIGHAM YOUNG THINKS OF BUYING A LITTLE TOWN CAR FOR FAMILY USE.



SLEEPLESS HOLLOW

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN HAS GIVEN PLACE TO THE HEADLESS DRIVER.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

December 14th A curious feeling in the ankle which is not yet healed of its sprain set me this morning to investigating, and Lord! I do believe I did crack off a small piece of bone without knowing it, so I did say to Sam, There seems to be something loose rattling round in my foot, whereto he rejoined, In your foot? but he did nevertheless make an appointment with an X-ray specialist, and should I have to go to all the holiday parties with a bulging, bandaged ankle it will be more than I can bear. Nor was I cheered further by reading in the publick prints that twenty-five years ago this day a good pair of all-wool blankets could be had for four dollars and a fine silk umbrella for three. And when I did read Heywood Broun's account of how, having worked like a dog and made all sorts of sacrifices for over a year to reduce his weight, nobody marked his svelteness and one man had even said, Why, you're thin as a rail—what's been the trouble? I did weep a little at first over the asperities of existence, and then admonished Marge Boothby over the telephone that she might as well give up, and come forth with me for minestrone and spaghetti. But I did also read that a great dinner was given last night to a Mr. Strauss at which not a speech was made, and I do set down

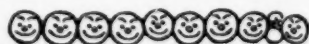
note of it as a great step in the onward march of local civilization. Marge come for me, and whilst I was doing on my raiment, a package was brought in which I made at once for to open, M. berating me for disregarding its warning Christmas seal, but I said, How now! Why not know the worst at once? Whereupon there was disclosed, with Valina Griggs's card, one of the handsomest lace and embroidered table cloths that ever I saw in ny life, and Marge quoth, Aren't you ashamed of yourself? which I indeed was. At cards this evening, during which Sam, whose no-trump bids are extremely weak, asked once, Here I go no-trumps, and, with all those diamonds, you don't

take me out—what did I marry you for, anyway? But something must be done to cure him.

December 15th

Ida Reynolds in to see me too betimes, forasmuch as a great zeal to have my house quite in order by the end of the year hath seized me, and I was going through bags and boxes and bureau drawers in a fine frenzy, shutting my eyes and commanding my servant Florence to cast away articles which I have been hoarding for years, but Lord! of what use will lace blouses and discarded purses, however handsome, ever be to me again, or old photographs insufficiently comic to be used for entertainment purposes? When I had done, little remained to me save my first pair of kid gloves and my prom dress, and I could listen with composure to Ida, who was all agog to get to the soothsayer whom Marge and I visited, she being highly desirous of finding out approximately how long she is going to live through a desire to spend some of her capital now rather than hoard it against an old age which she may never have. But I would not divulge the address of the oracle, Ida being zany enough to take anything she might wish to believe too seriously and go forth to exchange good preferred stocks for ephemeral furs and steamship tickets, whereupon she quit me in some dudgeon. Then the window cleaner in, and whilst I was quietly regarding him and musing what meagre material for copy he represented, he did turn about and ask me if I had gone last night to see "Lysistrata," with which the Russian players opened their season. And whilst I, a bit panicky, was wondering if he possibly could have got loose from some institution, he assured me that he had been present, and he did give me a fine account of what had gone forward. So now I shall never again be surprised at anything, a state which I suppose I should have reached long since, however dull the possibilities of a woman to whom all things are inevitable, as Michael Arlen said....To the playhouse this night to see "A Man's Man," a play so close to life that a few fools in the audience laughed nervously at its more pathetic moments, and I was for having the ushers throw them out, but Sam restrained me.

Baird Leonard.



This Is National

Laugh Month

"Everybody knows there has been a great decrease in drinking since Prohibition."—U. S. Senator Willis of Ohio.



How to Pass the Time at College

PLACE: Any College.

TIME: Any Opening Day.

PERSONS: Our Hero—a Freshman;
Chorus of Freshmen and Professors.

9 A. M. Economics Class:

PROFESSOR: Gentlemen, Economics is by far the most important and vital subject in the college curriculum. Gur-gur-gur...necessary to spend at least three hours a day in preparation...

10 A. M. History:

PROFESSOR: Gentlemen, History is certainly the mainstay of learning. Gur-gur-gur...must devote at least four hours a day to outside reading...

11 A. M. Mathematics:

PROFESSOR: In no study, gentlemen, must you be so thorough in preparation as in mathematics. It is the only true theoretical science; without it the world could not turn on its axis... Gur-gur-gur...

1 P. M. Chemistry:

PROFESSOR: Chemistry is the basis of industrial life, of Life itself. Nine hours a week in the laboratory, three hours in class, and four hours each night in preparation...Gur-gur-gur...

2 P. M. English:

PROFESSOR: Gentlemen, it will be necessary for you to do at least five hours a day outside reading for this course, as it is the most important... Gur-gur-gur...



"SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, OFFICER, BUT COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO THE JAIL?"

(At this point Our Hero, feeling the cumulative effect of all these orders, cannot restrain an anguished shriek. Quiet is at last restored. Class proceeds.)

3 P. M. Swimming Pool:

COACH: Boys, swimming develops you like no other sport and is the most important part of physical education. It'll be necessary to practice at least two hours a day...

(Our Hero and several other freshies are seen to slip silently into the pool. No amount of persuasion brings them to the surface.)

T. A. Curry.

For Art's Sake

THE scene was Florence, Italy, in a "chemist's shop" modeled on the American drugstore and stocked, for the tourist trade, with American patent medicines and toilet goods. A middle-aged Middle Westerner, short and stout, with a long cigar in the corner of his mouth, was buying everything with an American label, from Colgate's toothpaste to Listerine. Having found a sympathetic listener in the shop assistant, he was reciting the sad experiences of a traveler abroad—being pulled about from one museum to another—when suddenly the door opened and a boy of about sixteen rushed in.

"Pa," he shouted; "Ma says to come quick to the art shop on the corner. She's found a statue of Venus and wants to buy it for the hall."

The middle-aged man turned to the clerk. "Can you beat it?" he said disgustedly. "This Florence is just lousy with art!"

What of It?

THE window-washer's job is one
Requiring *beaucoup* brains;
For he must go (oh, what a pun!)
To such a lot of panes.

"HOW was your trip to Russia?"
"Fine! I met ever so many
people who were acquainted with Secretary Kellogg."



ROADSIDE REPAIRS



JANUARY 7, 1926

VOL. 87. 2253

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
598 Madison Avenue, New YorkCHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*R. E. SHERWOOD, *Editor*
F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor*CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*
LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*

MC

IF sports, divorces, fashions and a lot of other unnecessary things were left out of the newspapers and other things restricted in space, they might be able to keep the run of Congress in a way to keep us informed. Congress has several important jobs on its hands—conspicuously, for the moment, the World Court, and impending, and liable to turn active any minute, Prohibition.

The great question about the World Court is whether Borah and a few other remnants of the Battalion of Death can beat the rest of Congress, the Administration, and a large proportion of the Democratic and Republican Parties. If Borah can do that, he ought to get a black shirt and set up as general boss. But if he did, it may be doubted if he would know what to do with his achievement.

The *World* is very polite and optimistic about Senator Borah. It speaks of him as "too able a man and too conscientious a man to lead an opposition solely because he objects to a few details in the constitution and procedure of the Court." Again it speaks of the need to prove that Mr. Borah "though a good man, is not omnipotent," and says that until we do, we cannot have a foreign policy to suit us. That is very true. But where does the *World* get so much information about Mr. Borah? What makes it think he is "a good man"? What leads it to suppose that he is able and conscientious? How much does it know about him? How much does anybody know about him? One goes about inquiring about

Mr. Borah. His folks, if he has folks, live some two thousand miles from the Atlantic coast. His neighbors in Idaho do not reveal much about him—perhaps they don't know much, but in that state he was lately able to bag nearly four-fifths of 126,000 votes cast for Senator. He is a good debater; apparently a pretty good lawyer; a student; but is he *good*? Is he *able*?

In Washington there are more people who think they know him than in any other accessible place. One such person observed the other day: "Oh, Bill Borah! I have known him for years. He can't see beyond the end of his nose." Of course the main trouble with him as a shaper and restrainer of foreign policy is this impression that he gives of limitation of vision.

If he is conscientious, what kind of mechanism is his conscience? The conscientious man is true to something inside of him. One can imagine Borah being true to Borah, but allowing that, where are you? Who is the Borah that Borah is true to? What is the conscience that he is attentive to? If he is a good man, as the *World* says, what is he good for? How much better is he than Jim Reed of Missouri, who often plays on the same team with him in Congress?

It may be that when this session of Congress ends, we shall have a better understanding of Mr. Borah. We certainly need one.

AND about Prohibition, shall we know more about that? One determines that nothing can be done about Prohibition quite yet and that there is no use in talking about it, and then some one else or something else comes along and puts it back in the paper

and makes it a topic of conversation. The truth is it is just under the surface of most conversation. It is the political thing that the most people feel most strongly about. Representative Gallivan spoke his mind freely about it the other day in the House and it made excellent reading in the papers. Then Dr. Murray Butler delivered himself on the subject with a most outspoken candor in a letter, and that made more first-rate reading. "In five years," Dr. Butler says, "Prohibition has proved to be the most colossal failure in the history of the government." He says that "where we have failed the Province of Quebec has succeeded." He thinks the time is near for a change in the Dry Law that will make our country more like Quebec, more temperate, and less disorderly and immoral.

Mark Sullivan, who has counted the Wets and the Drys in Congress, does not think there is a ghost of a chance for legislation about drinks this year. But even if there is no legislation there can be discussion, and that is a necessary preliminary to getting anything done.

FRANK MUNSEY had unquestionable gifts as a publisher. As a scrambler of newspapers in New York, he was in a class all by himself. He understood some necessary things about newspaper making and apparently he succeeded in what he undertook to do. Any one who tries to unscramble what he scrambled, or resuscitate what he killed, will have to face very solemn business problems. For of course Mr. Munsey's exploits in combination were not due to mere wanton desire for change, but were the fruit of his judgment as to what the times and the conditions of business called for.



THERE was a faint hope that if the State of Pennsylvania had anything to say at Christmas time to the rest of the Union, it would say it with coal.

But it didn't. It is still reticent and the other Eastern States and Canada are still disgusted.

Up to this writing, however, the prognostications of a hard winter, *Ursa Major* of all winters, have not made good.

E. S. Martin



"LAND HO!"

Hymn of the Highway



HERE are winding roads through the gentle hills
Where the lithographic kine,
With contented eyes, view the daffodils
From an advertising sign;
Where the poster painter's graphic art
Has replaced bucolic chores
With the glad-man's verb
And the ad-man's blurb
In the billboard out-of-doors:

"Schnitzelbank Cheeses — The Quality Pleases!"
"Clothing on Credit. Your Own Terms? You Said It!"
"The New Fleur-de-Lis Room in Flanagan's Tea-Room
Serves Popcorn to Crunch On, Tiptop Corn to Munch On—
The Purest a Tourist Could Possibly Lunch On!"
Freak chairs, unique chairs and squeaking antique chairs,
Tables with gate-legs, ornate legs and straight legs
Shriek forth from placards to flivvers and Packards
In dingles on shingles of once ceremonial
Mansions now certified "Grade-A Colonial."
"For Him Who Looks Smarter — The Beacon Hill Garter."
"For Jolly Old Cronies — McSchultze's Bolognies."
"The Triodyne, Whyodyne, Reflexing Iodine—
Radio's New Sets That Get Massachusetts
In 'Frisco—A Feat That Is Equalled by Few Sets!"
The farms and the farming, the silos and silage
Are hidden by tire signs: "Guaranteed Mileage!"
"Avoid All Delays and Let Hennessey Truck It."
(No vestige remains of the old hokum bucket.)
"Detour at Next Corner for Maison Rebecca,
The Roadhouse Distinctive, the Motorist's
Mecca."
One can't feast one's eyes on the lovely horizon;
The highways are buy-ways:—"Try Beau
Brummell Ties On!"

To the sun-lit trails where we keep our trysts,
My roadster, let us fly,
Where the posters croon to the motorists
A commercial lullaby;
Where the picnic parties pant for air
On their soothing Sunday rides,
As they creep for miles
Through the steep defiles
Of our billboard countryside.

Arthur L. Lippmann.

The Callous Age

A TRAMP was bitten by a dog while passing
a house in the suburbs. Seeing the young
son of the house in the yard, he said:

"Listen here, kid, yer dorg bit me leg."

"Well," replied the youngster indifferently,
"you don't expect a little dog like that to bite
your ear, do you?"

The Man-in-the-Street's Viewpoint

BIRD: Do you prefer a coach to a sedan?
HOPPER: Yes—a coach is lighter—you've
got a better chance under it.

GREELEY revised—Go South, young man,
and blow up with the country!

A Natural Selection

THE TAXI DRIVER (in automobile salesrooms): I wanna gemme
a new bus.

THE SALESMAN: Brother, you've come to the right place.
Here—take a look at 'er. Finished in fourteen primary colors.
Colored lights all over like a firemen's fair.

THE TAXI DRIVER: Looks sweet. But so did the wife when I first
married her. How does she run?

THE SALESMAN: Brother, like Charley Paddock. And she's got an
eight-day movement. Finds her own way home from the Bronx; you
can't do better.

THE TAXI DRIVER: I done well enough with the old bus only she
fell apart on me on the hunneran tent street hill. There wasn't enough
left to make a one-tube radio set. A mousey shame, that was. I
got me twenty-two miles per gallon out of her, too, in traffic and out,
in traffic and out. Howsis baby on gas?

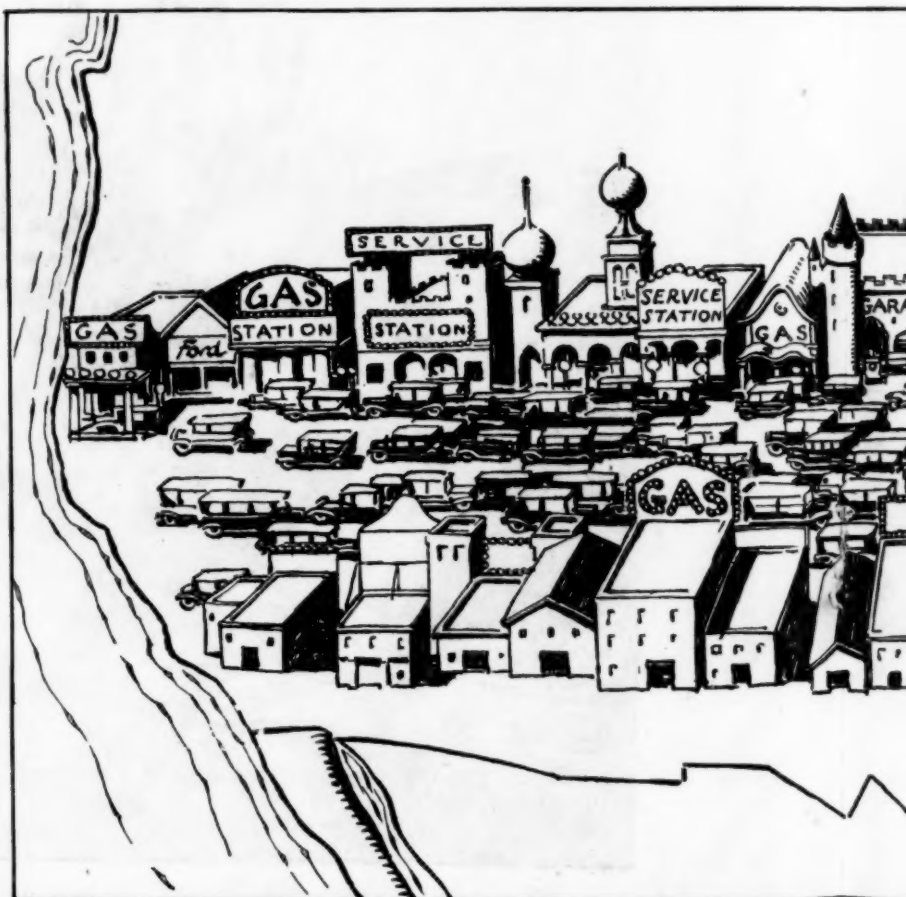
THE SALESMAN: Friend, she likes gas like a Methodist likes gin.
She runs on kindness—kindness and a little erl.

THE TAXI DRIVER: Ya gotta hot line, I'll hand it to ya. Howsa fenders?

THE SALESMAN: All-steel fenders. Trim the buttons right off the
uniform of a traffic cop. You can shave with 'em.

THE TAXI DRIVER: I don't shave. And I don't wear no gardenias
in me buttonhole, neetha.

THE SALESMAN: No offense, brother. But honest, these fenders are
an adaptation from the old British war chariots. They used to fasten
knives to the wheels; some of them had a saw-tooth edge.



Selection

THE TAXI DRIVER (*perking up*): That's a swell idea—but I don't think you could get away with it. Howsa brakes?

THE SALESMAN: Oh, boy! We've had to put in extra-heavy plate glass in front to keep the passengers from crashing through on the back of your neck. Those brakes are worth real money to you.

THE TAXI DRIVER: Yeah? How so?

THE SALESMAN: One of our customers was driving in heavy traffic, recently. After the fare got out, he looks in the back of his bus and the brakes had jolted two dollars and thirty-seven cents in loose change out of the fare, and a couple of gold teeth.

THE TAXI DRIVER: I could do better than that. Howsa meter?

THE SALESMAN: Now I got to laugh. That meter has got more trick hook-ups than Atwater Kent's old man. You got hand, foot and knee control in five-, ten- and twenty-five-cent units. You can make it run backwards just by deep breathing and leaning over the wheel. A little practice in your spare time and it will roll over and play dead. Every time you hit a bump it spins around like a roulette wheel.

THE TAXI DRIVER: Well, I should hope it would. I ain't buying this for a pleasure car. Howsa horn?

THE SALESMAN: The horn was reproduced from a record made by the world's champion heavy drinker in the last stages of delirium



She (demurely): I THINK YOUR CLUTCH NEEDS TIGHTENING.

tremens. Only it's been amplified. Listen! (*He sounds the horn.*)

THE TAXI DRIVER: LOOK OUT! What th—! (*He recovers himself.*) Yeah, it's not so bad.

THE SALESMAN: Bullet-proof windshield, disappearing license plates, rock-a-bye baby springs, zeppelin tires, boiler factory gears, and time-locks on both doors. A nice heavy monkey wrench is attached handy to either hand. And now how about the old dotted line?

THE TAXI DRIVER: Well, I dunno. All that's kind of standard taxicab equipment, what I mean. Ain't you got any new wrinkles?

THE SALESMAN (*thinking fast and desperately*): New wrinkles? Did you notice the little machine gun on the radiator cap?

THE TAXI DRIVER (*brightening right up*): A little machine gun? Well, now, that's an idea! Say, I don't know but what I won't—

THE SALESMAN: Grab it while it's hot, brother.

THE TAXI DRIVER (*musing*): A little machine gun.... Say—does it work?

THE SALESMAN: Well, er—no. It's a toy, you know—just a sort of a talisman.

THE TAXI DRIVER: It don't work?

THE SALESMAN: No—it's just a figure-head.

THE TAXI DRIVER: Aw, hell, I knew there was a catch to it! (*He walks out of the salesrooms.*)

H. W. Haemann.

"JONES had words with his wife last night."

"How so?"

"She wanted him to tune the radio in on some jazz and he picked a fight."



Automobile Row



With Music

ONE of the first things that we have to do in this bright new 1925 is clean up the big pile of musical comedies which have been accumulating ever since September. (Oh, all right, 1926 then!)

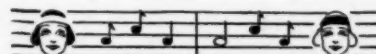
This season has been marked by the predominance of good musical shows over good legitimate productions the return of old-fashioned harmony, the emergence of literate lyric-writers, and the large number of musical comedies to which one can take the children without having to ask them what the sex references mean.



FOLLOWING "The Student Prince" of last season and this, "The Vagabond King" and "Princess Flavia" have brought back with a clatter of swords and a zum-zum of basses the old-time thigh-slapping, stein-raising operetta, with male choruses and trilling sopranos, loud laughter from the villagers, and comical mix-ups resulting from *Prince Udolpho's* making believe that he is a poor peasant lad, or a poor peasant lad's making believe he is *Prince Udolpho*. Personally, we are never stirred to anything more than an approving nod by these swashbuckling romantic comic operas, chiefly because the books are so deadly and the comedians so explosive, but it is good to know that part-singing is coming in again and that you can take the folks to a musical show without apologizing afterward.



AS is so often the case, the cleaner the book and the more notable the music, the more likely you are to find the Messrs. Shubert behind the production, a phenomenon at which we never cease pointing. "Mayflowers," the musical version of "Not So Long Ago," in which the refreshing team of Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer are now tripping in costume, is so clean that you could eat off it, and, for a clean show, more than ordinarily amusing, with the low comedy in the Lands of Robert Woolsey. The Santley-Sawyer combination is remarkable in that it manages to go from year to year holding more than its own against the Tumbling-Mascagni school of body-hurling dancing seen in most shows, and all by the simple expedient of executing graceful steps with a minimum of effort.



ALTHOUGH several months late, we should like to specify "Dearest Enemy" as another musical show that comes under the head of "Nice." Whatever it lacks in humor is more than made up for by the beauty of its costumes and settings (Revolutionary, this time), the charm of Miss Helen Ford and the music and lyrics by that God-given team of Rodgers and Hart, the boys who did the "Garrrick Gaieties." Any show which opens with a chorus of Colonial maidens hailing the advent of the British army of occupation with a rollicking: "Hooray, we're going to be compromised! Hooray, we're going to be compromised! War is War!" is a valuable addition to a season. (This quotation may sound a bit shady as to moral tone, but we assure you there is no offense possible.)



ANOTHER set of lyrics which bring the year's average up are those written by Harlan Thompson for "Merry, Merry," the tiny show which has been doing nicely at the Vanderbilt since late September. We cannot conscientiously class "Merry, Merry" among the ninety-and-nine which have been purged with hyssop, but it has much to recommend it to those who want a lively evening of stepping and singing.



WHICH brings us to the new vehicle (a station-wagon is necessary) for the Marx Brothers, whom we may have mentioned last season as being mildly amusing. "The Cocoanuts" had much the same effect on us as last year's "T'll Marx She Marx," except that this time we made provision against falling into the aisle by sitting in the second seat from the end. Mr. Groucho Marx, in collaboration with G. S. Kaufman, delivers a series of magnificent wheezes, nine out of every nine and a half of which landed full on that tender spot between our eyes, and the sensuous Harpo completed the knockout without saying a word. Chico, the Annie Oakley of the piano, is not without his lighter side, either, and all in all, the effect is such that it is impossible to keep from smiling now and then. The chief difficulty, after finally getting a seat, will be to keep sitting upright in it.

Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Chivalry. *Wallack's*—Showing the collapse of our jury system under the baneful influence of a pretty woman.

Craig's Wife. *Morocco*—Chrystal Herne as the woman with a house in order but no one to live in it. A fine play.

The Dybbuk. *Neighborhood*—Highly impressive Jewish ritual. To be reviewed next week.

Easy Virtue. *Empire*—Jane Cowl making an old story seem new, with dialogue assistance from Noel Coward.

The Enemy. *Times Square*—An elementary lesson against War, with Fay Bainter.

The Fountain. *Greenwich Village*—Ponce de León hunting about for the Fountain of Youth through the everglades of O'Neill's romantic dialogue.

The Green Hat. *Broadhurst*—Now that Michael Arlen has left town, we can admit that we didn't think so much of this play.

In a Garden. *Plymouth*—Laurette Taylor in a delightful play for those who have no objection to a little thinking now and then.

The Jazz Singer. *Cort*—Proving that what a little Jewish boy learns he never forgets, with George Jessel at the heartstrings.

A Lady's Virtue. *Bijou*—Mary and Florence Nash forming a triangle with Robert Warwick.

A Man's Man. *Fifty-Second St.*—Native American tragedy of the poor boob who wanted to make good, very well done by Dwight Frye.

The Man Who Never Died. *Provincetown*—Half murder mystery, half cuckoo.

The Master Builder. *Princess*—Eva Le Gallienne bringing Ibsen out of the special matinee class.

The Master of the Inn. *Little*—Robert Loraine. To be reviewed next week.

Merchants of Glory. *Guild*—A new angle on war profiteering, worthy of a more engrossing handling.

The Merchant of Venice. *Hampden's*—Ethel Barrymore and Walter Hampden as—guess what—respectively.

Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio. *Jolson*—Expert Russians, this week in "Carmencita and the Soldier."

Open House. *Daly's*—Helen MacKellar as the wife who was Just a Chatel.

The Shanghai Gesture. *Ellinger*—Mrs. Leslie Carter. To be reviewed later.

Stronger than Love. *Belasco*—Nance O'Neil. To be reviewed later.

Twelve Miles Out. *Playhouse*—Melodrama, liquor and love on the extra-high seas.

The Vortex. *Henry Miller's*—Dress-suit degeneracy made into a highly interesting drama.

Young Woodley. *Belmont*—A delicate handling of the worries of puberty, with Glenn Hunter giving a beautiful performance.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Dun't ask.

Alias the Deacon. *Hudson*—The card-sharper with a heart of gold.

Androcles and the Lion. *Klaw*—Shaw at his most entertaining.

Beware of Widows. *Maxine Elliott's*—A farcical houseboat with Madge Kennedy aboard.

The Butter-and-Egg Man. *Longacre*—How money is dropped on Broadway, with Gregory Kelly adding to the comedy of the process.

Cradle Snatchers. *Music Box*—Love in the late thirties as the object of loud laughter. Mary Boland heads the cast.

Easy Come, Easy Go. *Billmore*—Otto Kruger and Victor Moore crashing through a hilarious farce.

Fool's Bells. *Criterion*—To be reviewed next week.

Is Zat So? *Central*—You don't have to know prizefighting to enjoy this one.

Laff That Off. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Nonde script but genial comedy.

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney. *Fulton*—Ina Claire, with Roland Young and A. E. Matthews, in high-class crook stuff.

The Makropoulos Secret. *Charles Hopkins*—With Emily Stevens. To be reviewed later.

The Monkey Talks. *Harris*—To be reviewed later.

Morals. *Comedy*—Rather discursive attack on reformers in the best Continental manner of 1909.

Naughty Cinderella. *Lyceum*—Bordoni. *Cela* suffit.

One of the Family. *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Patsy. *Booth*—To be reviewed next week.

The Wise-Crackers. *Sixty-Six Fifth Ave.*—To be reviewed next week.

Young Blood. *Ritz*—The season's Younger Generation play, with Helen Hayes, Norman Trevor and Eric Dressler.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Winter Garden*—A revue with the Hoffmann Girls and Phil Baker which is better than the Parisian one it copies.

By the Way. *Gaiety*—To be reviewed later.

Captain Jinks. *Martin Beck*—Ada-May and Joe Brown in better than the average.

Charlot's Revue. *Selwyn*—Any show with Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence and Jack Buchanan is your money's worth.

The Cocoanuts. *Lyric*—Reviewed in this issue.

Dearest Enemy. *Knickerbocker*—Reviewed in this issue.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Chanin's*—To be reviewed later.

Mayflowers. *Forrest*—Reviewed in this issue.

Merry, Merry. *Vanderbilt*—Reviewed in this issue.

A Night in Paris. *Century Roof*—To be reviewed later.

No, No, Nanette. *Globe*—Just as good as new.

Oh! Oh! Nurse. *Cosmopolitan*—To be reviewed next week.

Princess Flavia. *Century*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Song of the Flame. *Forty-Fourth St.*—To be reviewed later.

The Student Prince. *Ambassador*—Regular singing.

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—A whole evening of star acts, headed by Marilyn Miller.

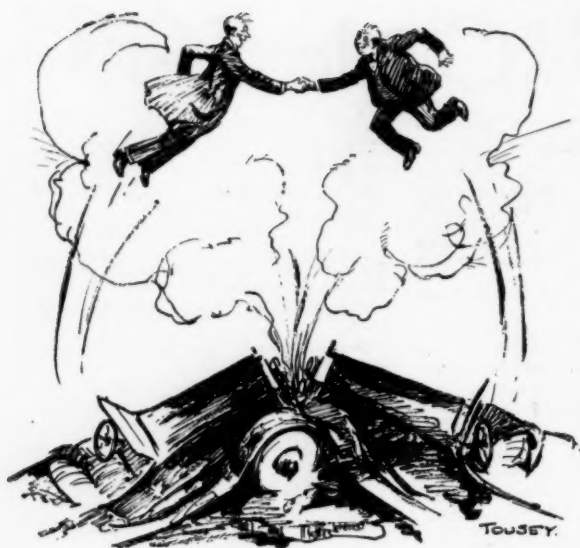
Tip-Toes. *Liberty*—To be reviewed later.

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—Reviewed in this issue.

Vanities of 1926. *Earl Carroll*—To be reviewed later.



"LUTZMEYERS—BIG SAUSAGE PEOPLE."



AN AMICABLE SETTLEMENT

First Motorist: I'M FULLY INSURED!

Second Motorist: ME, TOO!

Criminal Diary

(According to the Chicago School of Alienists' Defense)

9:05—Awakened by passage of fire-trucks to nearby conflagration; followed them chanting passages from the Talmud, under the delusion they were a Ku Klux Klan parade.

10:35—Apartment owner called for rent. Paid him for year in advance, under the delusion that he needed it.

12:30—Feeling hungry, went down to a nearby cafeteria, although I had seven thousand dollars in cash on my person, under the delusion this was a democracy.

1:30—Spent several hours in the Public Library. Read through the Bible six times, but was unable to reconcile it with Nietzsche. Sat meditating considerably longer, under the delusion that I was thinking. Passing down the Library steps, helped to her feet a lady who had stumbled. Was unable to answer her question as to what I was doing that evening, not having made any plans.

7:25—Stole uniform from intoxicated policeman, under delusion that there was a crime wave. Trampled fifteen people underfoot, under the delusion I was a taxi.

9:15—Bought a tabloid daily under the delusion that I should read it and be well informed. Read forty-three stories of current murders, under the delusion that they were an expression of the modern trend. Being all for progress, killed six thousand policemen as my share in it. Suddenly became conscious of my mistake, and walked swiftly to the nearest station-house, giving myself up to the law, under the delusion that I should receive my just punishment.

Wayne G. Haisley.

In Boomland

VISITOR: I understand you own this lot.

FLORIDIAN: I did for ten minutes this morning.

A 1919 Ford Speaks to the New 1926 Ford Model

IF we should meet on the highest hill,
 Brother o' mine—O brother o' mine,
 I'd know the sound of your engine still,
 Brother o' mine—O brother o' mine.
 Your new low lines are of Rolls-Royce style
 And your color has changed from black to Nile—
 Yet you can not beat me a single mile—
 Brother o' mine—O brother o' mine!

L. H. Hayum.

All in the Air

BILL turned off the motor of his mail plane, the speedy air boat plying between Jupiter and Venus, and started the helicopters as he drifted into the air siding, to wait for the plane that followed the path from Mars to Mercury.

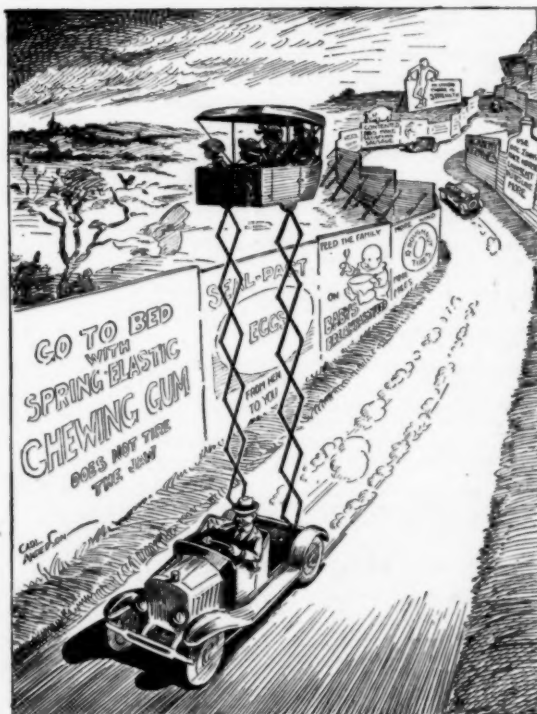
"Wonder who's runnin' the old M. and M. now?" Bill said to himself.

He glanced up and saw the other craft approaching. It nosed in beside his ship, and the alternate white and green lights indicated there was parcel-post matter to be taken aboard. Bill adjusted his helmet, took a pull at the oxygen tank and leaned out.

"Well, if it ain't Joe!" Bill exclaimed, recognizing the pilot of the other plane. "I haven't saw you since we was witnesses in the Mitchell case."

"Oh, well," Joe ventured, "I reckon what they say is true—it's a small universe after all."

Tom S. Elrod.



MR. EDISON PIPP WAS DETERMINED THAT HIS FAMILY SHOULD HAVE A VIEW OF THE SCENERY.



E. McWherney, Jr.

"SWELL CAR, AIN'T IT?"

"I'LL SAY SO—WHY, ANY GIRL OUGHTA BE PROUD TO BE SEEN WALKING HOME FROM A CAR LIKE THAT."

The Perfect Cavalier

HE never has a hard day ahead of him at the office on the morrow.

He does not wear his hat atilt.

He always has plenty of dollar bills, so that he does not have to touch you temporarily for the taxi-fare.

He has never seen any of the plays you haven't.

He is never in town "just for the night" and therefore without evening clothes.

He eats salad.

He doesn't subscribe to the fallacy that there is a double standard in man-curing.

He does not walk off with all the matches.

He knows that flowers for the house are more desirable than corsages.

He has heard of Edna St. Vincent Millay, Beluga caviar, Manet, rose point, the Rhapsody in Blue, Mrs. James Corrigan, the shorter catechism and the burning of the Paris Opera House.

He does not sing or hum with the orchestra.

He is a good giggler.

He can order a good dinner.

He notices your clothes and accessories.

He loves young spring onions.

He likes gossip.

He never starts a story and then welches on finishing it.

He knows how to change typewriter ribbons and fix broken phonographs.



NUBBVILLE SPARK

FIRE BROKE OUT IN THE AESOP DUTTON HOME WEDNESDAY, BADLY DAMAGIN' BOTH SIDE CURTAINS, THE REAR CUSHION AN' PART OF THE TOP.

He treats servants whom he does not know personally as if he did not know them personally.

He has apparently forgotten all of his college escapades.

He can always get a cab when it's raining.

He doesn't forget the tickets.

He arrives on time, occasionally bearing a pleasant surprise.

He cracks ice, squeezes fruit and runs cheerfully to the corner for ginger ale.

He does not tell you the story about the streetwalker in Venice.

He was never a King in Babylon.

* * *

Ask the girl who owns one!

Baird Leonard.

Veneer

MRS. KINDLY (to neighborhood urchin): Why aren't you polite and nice like Jimmie?

FREDDY: Aw, ma'am, he ain't nice—dat's jus' manners!



THIS department has very good news for you this week. First, there is "Pluck and Luck," by Robert Benchley (Henry Holt), which you must by no means begin reading during a period of wakefulness at three or four A. M., because if you do, your audible laughter will, in spite of all Lord Chesterfield said about its vulgarity, be such that you will have to step out of bed and close the window in order not to waken the tenants of the next apartment. The title is somewhat misleading, but so, thank Heaven, is Mr. Benchley. And what difference does it make what he calls a collection of his burlesques on scientific research, his solutions of domestic problems, his jaunts in newer and better dimensions? Echo answers, "What?"

Of these papers, I like best the Michael Arlen take-off, "The Story of a Lady Who Interested Only Herself and of a Gentleman Who Didn't Do Even That," "Looking Shakespeare Over," "Museum Feet" and "Whoa!" although to make any kind of choice is difficult in an assortment of such even tenor. Those of you who are reaching as usual to the inevitable bills and weather of January will find on almost any page of "Pluck and Luck" something to mitigate the asperities of existence. It is my firm conviction that men who write like Mr. Benchley—and after counting them, how many fingers have you left on one hand?—do much more good in the world than rooters for the sawdust trail and millionaires who go in for dying poor.

"THE CLIO," by L. H. Myers (Scribner), is getting a great hand in the knowing set to which we all belong, and deservedly, too, I find upon investigation. It is the de luxiest novel I have read in a long time, the Michael Arlen furor notwithstanding, and for those of you

who like to read about the extremely rich it will provide a pleasant and also profitable evening. The *Clio* is a yacht owned by *Lady Oswestry*, who has two personal maids and eleven varieties of bath salts. With a delightful company aboard, it is headed for the Amazon—just why, nobody seems to know or care, *Lady Oswestry's* only interest in Para being whether or not she can restock there on her pet brand of face cream. But her older son has been up to mischief, if you can call the staging of a Brazilian revolution mischief, and almost before they know it, the super-civilized company find themselves in the midst of snakes and bullets. The reaction is thoroughbred, decidedly interesting, and everything comes out for the better in the end, with one glaring exception—the death of *Sir James*. I shall never forgive Mr. Myers for killing off that darling old man and leaving him buried in the jungle. There was no necessity of doing it to save his plot, as was the case when Shakespeare

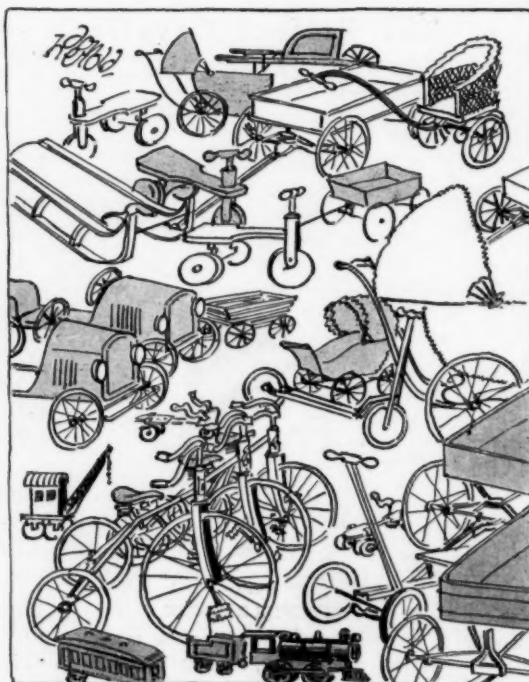
did away with *Mercutio*. Perhaps Mr. Myers may have wanted to save *Sir James* from *Angela*, who had the loveliest underclothes on board and needed a little social rehabilitation.

I recommend "The *Clio*" heartily. The padding is delightful. And every once in a while something slips into the text which, however inapropos, is nevertheless gospel. Things like, "People in love are as remote as lunatics" and "Nothing is so smart as certain kinds of naïveté."

THE publishers' advance propaganda for Elmer Davis's "Friends of Mr. Sweeney" (McBride) was of such a character that, dominated by the reviewer's "good-wine-needs-no-bush" complex, I was a little suspicious of the book's merits. Now I take it all back. "Friends of Mr. Sweeney" is a merry mixture of farce and satire which makes what is known on Broadway as "a good show." The theme is the ever popular one of the turning worm. The

hero is the underpaid and overworked sub-editor of an intellectual weekly who recalls wistfully the days when he was a wildcat in college. The *deus ex* is an old classmate who blows in from the West determined to have a good time. And what a night he manages to make of it! Enough to fill three columns in the morning papers, nip a gubernatorial candidate's boom in the bud, put a phony Relief Fund out of existence, throw a genuine fear of God into a millionaire philanthropist who had been faking it, and inspire the poor sub-editor to the pitch of getting a staff promotion at double salary. And that, done at a lively pace, is almost enough for anybody's money. Mr. Davis must be scolded, though, for misquoting William Blake's "The Tiger" at least three or four times.

Baird Leonard.



ROLLING STOCK OF A FAMILY OF THREE CHILDREN

Bedtime Story

The Successful Artist; or, The Reward of Modesty

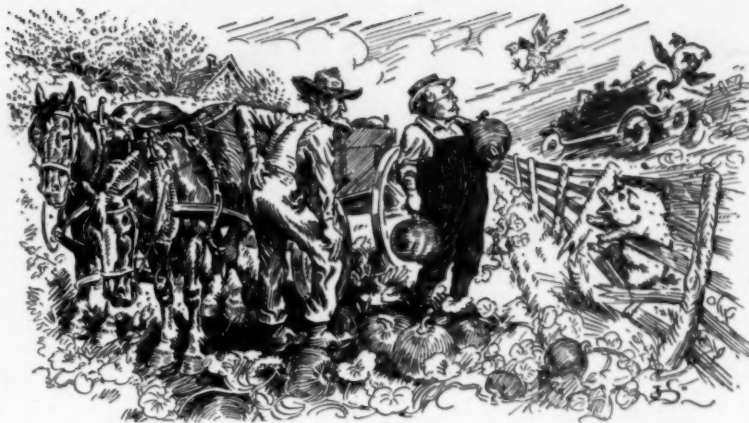
ONCE upon a time there was a man who lived in a garret and starved on crusts and went through all the other miseries that usually attend a devotion to an art. After years of dulness and darkness he won a prize. Then another prize, and another, until his name began to echo down the corridors of art galleries and his Fame became assured.

He was a little frightened at what was ahead of him, and he vowed to himself certain vows.

"If there is anything I hate and detest," he said, "it is the successful artist who lets his success go to his head and becomes a nuisance to his friends. Therefore I take my oath, here and now, that I will do my utmost to remain modest and unboastful and talk of something besides my own work."

And strangely enough, when he became the reigning success of the season, he did remain modest—indeed, he was more modest and less boastful than he had ever been in the time of his failure, and he seldom if ever talked about his art.

And people said: "Pose! Did you



"BEFORE THE DAYS O' GAS CARS, EZRA, WE USED HORSE-SENSE A-DRIVIN'."

"YES, AND, BY DUM, JEB! IT WAS THE HORSE THAT HAD IT!"

ever see such pose in all your life? He tries to make us believe that he isn't supremely proud of himself. Pose! My God, what pose!"

That is, some of the people said that. Not all of them. Not even most of them. No; most of them said: "His stuff can't be as good as it's given credit for being. Have you noticed? He's afraid, actually afraid, to talk about it!"

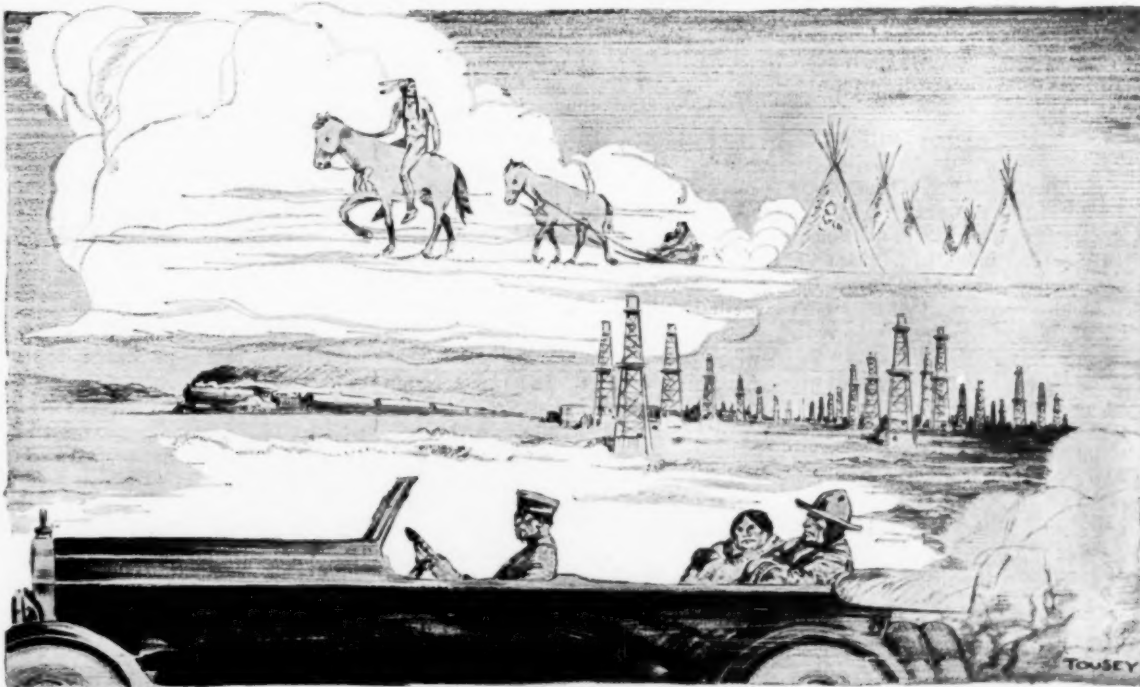
Bertram Bloch.

Fiction

ONCE there was a young college man who made such a success as a member of the debating team that he was offered a movie contract.

MRS. BRIGGS (*reading a letter from her aunt*): Uncle Jake's got stomach trouble now.

MR. BRIGGS: What did he do? Trade in his rheumatism?



THE LAND OF HIS FOREFATHERS

THE SILENT DRAMA



Revivals

THERE is being conducted, in New York, a series of revivals of noteworthy film productions, under the auspices of an organization known as the International Film Arts Guild. Among the pictures that have already been shown are "Deception," "A Woman of Paris," "Broken Blossoms" and "The Miracle Man."

The project seems to be prospering, and revivals will probably continue through the winter, and include all those pictures which, for one reason or another, have been called great.

I have attended only one of these revival meetings, and it was for the purpose of observing how "Broken Blossoms" looks to-day. It was produced seven years ago—and seven years, in the life of the adolescent film industry, is a long time. Many millions of feet of celluloid have flowed through the projection machines since "Broken Blossoms" was first revealed, and many new ideas have been contributed to this occasional art.

I found that "Broken Blossoms" is still a beautiful and tremendously stirring picture, directed by David Wark Griffith with all the sensitiveness that once was his (and with almost none of the ham sentiment with which his present productions are burdened), and played with great power by Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess.

In just one way does "Broken Blossoms" show its age; it lacks that form of pictorial expressiveness which came to the screen in "A Woman of Paris" and which is now practiced by every worthy director on both sides of the Atlantic. Griffith did not know then how to tell a story in terms of moving pictures; he had to label every scene with a sub-title, using his pictures merely as

illustrations for the text. Unfortunately, while Chaplin, Lubitsch, Vidor and many others have moved ahead with the times, Griffith has stood still. He has never learned that a movie camera can speak for itself.

The fact that D. W. Griffith has fallen behind in the big parade is cause for lamentation, for Griffith was the first heroic figure in the movies, the first to boost them from the nickelodeon class and to establish their permanence. In his earlier productions he demonstrated an amazing degree of imagination and an admirable courage. He should not be denied credit for that.

It took nerve to produce as tragic a picture as "Broken Blossoms." In summoning that essential nerve, Griffith made advance atonement for all the crimes that he was subsequently to commit, in "Dream Street" and in "Sally of the Sawdust."

"Time, the Comedian"

WHILE we are on the subject of atonement, "Time, the Comedian" offers an excellent text for the continuation of our sermon. For here is a bold attempt at intelligent drama by Robert Z. Leonard, the same director that sponsored all of Mae Murray's gaudiest and most exaggerated pictures.

If Mr. Leonard falls short of his mark at times—if he becomes a trifle involved in the psychological skeins which he is trying to unravel—it is not for want of effort. His object is to represent Father Time as a mischievous clown, who is continually using his infinite power to play pranks with the lives of poor, defenseless mortals.

Thus we see a woman, who commits an indiscretion early in life, being visited again and again by embarrassing reminders of her youthful folly. When-

ever she appears to be happiest and most secure, Time pops up, like the little figure in the "Out of the Inkwell" cartoons, to plague and pester her with her unwelcome memories.

Theodore Kosloff, as Time, and Mae Busch, as his victim, are both excellent.

"A Woman of the World"

THE most important individual that has appeared above the movie horizon within the past year is Malcolm St. Clair. There can be no doubt about that, in view of "Are Parents People?" "The Trouble with Wives" and "A Woman of the World."

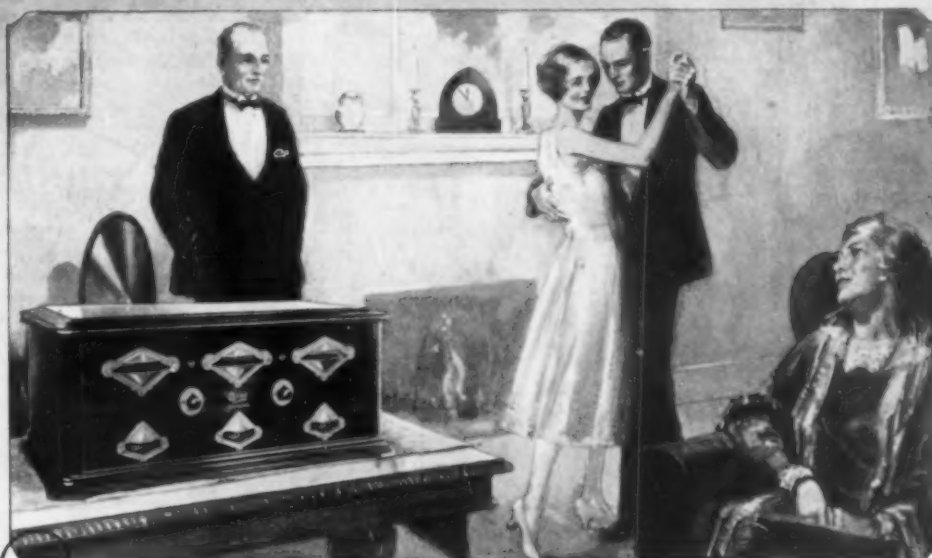
I should like to offer a series of long and loud cheers for Malcolm St. Clair. He has the right idea about motion pictures and, incidentally, about life. He is not only a darned competent workman: he is a keen and unusually perceptive philosopher. Unlike so many of his brethren in Hollywood, he can penetrate beyond the surface.

"A Woman of the World" is a gay, flippant and enormously amusing story about a tattooed countess who arrives, for no apparent reason, in a Middle Western town. It contains a great deal of expert kidding of the moral spirit which provides the backbone of our current Coolidge-Hays democracy.

Pola Negri is the star of "A Woman of the World," and Chester Conklin her principal pillar of support. Both of them are more than good. Indeed, under St. Clair's direction, Miss Negri appears to be actually happy—something which one has missed in her since she came to America, except on the one occasion when she collaborated with her old boss, Ernst Lubitsch, in "Forbidden Paradise."

R. E. Sherwood.





Something New in Life



IN some homes the only thing new is the date, but the home that starts the New Year with a Synchrophase will have a new note of happiness; a new zest to a life which may have become a trifle humdrum.

And this new happiness will continue, not only because the Synchrophase provides radio reception in its superlative form, but also because Grebe construction is such that the quality of reception will not deteriorate.

At all times there will be that superior reception which Grebe exclusive features make possible:

The "Colortone" gives you complete control over voice and music, to be varied to your individual taste independent of the loud speaker's characteristics.

Grebe *Binocular Coils* enable you to get the station you want and hold it, undisturbed by outside influences; and the *Low-Wave Extension Circuits* tune-in over 100 stations not reached by other receivers.

So why postpone the daily pleasures that can be yours? Get your Synchrophase *now*. It embodies advances that other receivers may never have. Think of the fun you will miss if you wait that long!

A demonstration at your dealer's will satisfy you of the happiness a Synchrophase brings to any home.

A. H. Grebe & Co., Inc., 109 West 57th Street, New York
Factory: Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Western Branch: 443 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Cal.

This company owns and operates stations WAHG and WBOQ



Grebe
"Colortone"



Grebe
Binocular Coils
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
and
Low-Wave
Extension Circuits

THE GREBE SYNCHROPHASE

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



It is written:
"Better do one
act quickly,
than talk about
a hundred for a
day."

The thoughtful
man will pur-
chase a Syn-
chrophase at
once and thus
bring happiness
into his home.

Quoted by



All Grebe apparatus
is covered by patents
granted and pending.



Enjoying Bad Health

A confirmed hypochondriac, meeting his personal physician on the street, said to him:

"Doctor, I have just come from a popular medical lecture and I am much afraid that I have kidney trouble."

"But, my dear fellow," said the doctor, smiling, "the curious thing about that disease is that the victim does not experience the least pain or discomfort."

"By Heaven!" gasped the hypochondriac. "My symptoms exactly!"

—*Fliegende Blätter (Munich).*

The Renewal of Love

YOUNG NEWLYWED (to florist): Give me a dozen American Beauties; I want to forgive my wife for the quarrel we had this morning.—*Collier's.*

SIMILE for the day: As clear as a book on how to write short stories.

—*Milwaukee Journal.*



ROMEO'S LADDER

The Flapper Who Never Bobbed

"YOUR BRAIDS ARE TERRIBLY SLIPPERY, DOROTHEA. I DON'T THINK YOU OUGHT TO USE BRILLIANTINE ON THE DAYS WHEN WE HAVE A DATE."

—*Le Rire (Paris).*

"The Hour Glass"

Life's but a glass of hours, and they
Glide swift as raindrops down a stem,
Vanish like cowslips seen in May,
None can cajole or cozen them,
Protract, retard, elude, deny.
Even while I whisper, "I love;
Amen!"
Gone is the instant, soft as a sigh,
Never to be again.

Ah then, my dear, with those dark eyes,
Altering like stars at every whim
Or bubble thought that may arise
And break upon the goblet's brim;
Which of the twain is slipping past?—
Time or your beauty? Who can say?
I gaze, long, marvel; but at last
Cannot bid either stay.

—*Walter de la Mare, in G. K.'s Weekly.*

Favoritism

"Why does the manager seem so partial to young Saunders?"

"Because he's the only fellow on the staff who isn't taking correspondence lessons to become manager himself!"

—*Passing Show (London).*

PLEASURE-SEEKER (at murder trial, to usher): I say, is it possible to get chocolates here?—*Punch.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office, \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint Rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C., England.

The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C., Canadian distributor, The American News Company, Ltd., 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected.

Wetzel
Established 1874
2 and 4 E Forty-Fourth Street
NEW YORK

THE prestige of
WETZEL as
tailors for gentlemen
is recognized
throughout the
world.

Copyright, by Wetzel

ROYAL MAIL
"The Comfort Route"

Utmost in comfort aboard famous ships—most delightful arrangements for excursions ashore

WEST INDIES
Jan. 21st—29 days Feb. 20th—30 days

TWO de luxe cruises sailing away from cold gray Winter to isles of tropical beauty—to historic, picturesque cities—to the romantic Spanish Main—Nassau, Havana, Jamaica, Panama, Curacao, Venezuela, Trinidad, Barbados, Fort de France, St. Pierre, Virgin Islands, Porto Rico, Bermuda—on the superb OHIO, 27,180 tons displacement. Rates, \$250 up; or, including shore excursions, \$350 up.

Passengers may stop over at Bermuda and return by the ARAGUAYA without extra charge

BERMUDA
Islands of perpetual springtime, "The Gulf Stream Playground"—48 hours of delightful sailing on the luxurious ARAGUAYA, 17,500 tons displacement. The peacefulness of these "Enchanted Isles" affords a complete rest from the everyday rush. Scenic wonders, land and water sports provide a variety of delightful recreation. Regular sailings from New York, December to April—\$70 up, round trip.

Write for illustrated booklets

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.
New York, Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Atlanta, Vancouver, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax.



Fisher leadership is definitely indicated by the fact that, in all price divisions and in all motor types, the cars equipped with Body by Fisher set the value standard for the world

FISHER BODIES



"Never change it" cautions satisfied pipe-smoker

Apparently, Mr. Kirkland is unfamiliar with certain rules of the Edgeworth Club.

One by-law adopted unanimously years ago—and never amended—is as follows: "The quality and flavor of Edgeworth tobacco shall never be changed."

However, we feel certain that after reading Mr. Kirkland's interesting letter the Club will elect him promptly to membership, as he requests.

McKeesport, Penna.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Virginia.

Gentlemen:

A cheap watch will lie to us continually about the very stuff life is made of, and poor tobacco will steal what is left of it.

It requires more time to upset our ideas about things than it does to adopt the idea in the first place. This is especially true in regard to smoking tobacco.

It is, however, a reasonable argument that one will never get more out of a pipe than is put into it. I settled that argument long ago by adopting Edgeworth. Edgeworth is exactly right, so I caution you by the great cornpipe, never attempt to change it in any sense, for I believe I would detect it. I have a certain regard for my pipe, which I do not care to abuse.

Very sincerely yours,

A. H. Kirkland.

P. S.—Will you take my name into the next Edgeworth meeting?



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 16M S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy inbetween sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Another Impending Amendment
(Sleep has been found by investigators to be but a form of intoxication.)

If we had known in early youth,
When conscience ruled our every act,
That sleep, though kindly, soft and sooth,
Was but a drug, in point of fact—
If we had known that when we slept
Our reputation was at stake,
For righteousness, we might have kept
Awake.

At twenty-one, had we been told
That sleep, like whisky, gin and such,
Upon the strongest will lays hold
With a remorseless, cruel clutch,
And hounds the victim till he's dead,
We should have worried, we admit,
And very likely we'd have said:
"We'll quit!"

But now the habit is too strong,
And we have lost the power to fight;
Although convinced that it is wrong,
We sleep eight hours every night,
And even when folks come to call
We feel the dread narcotic creep
Along our spine, and often fall
Asleep.

But this will pass, for very soon
When sleep, though poisonous it be,
Is proved to be a very boon
To sybaritic chaps like me,
As well as infants in the crib,
Crusades against it will be led
And it will swiftly be prohib-
ited!

—James J. Montague, in
New York Herald-Tribune.

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator—sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Mellie and the Vanities

It remained for Earl Carroll to get the break on Mellie Dunham's visit to the town the other evening. Mellie brought his fiddle and played a tune or so, and Julius Tannen gaggled between selections. Mel witnessed the show from one of those ringside tables, and was kept amused by Margie Bolton, one of Carroll's charming hostesses.

"How did he take to the show?" this department asked Margie.

"He loved it," she replied. "He laughed at everything, even the nudes."

—New York Graphic.

Revived

A London cabman, unable to pass a bus, was inflamed to paroxysms of unthinkable objurgation. "Oh, sir," said the driver of the bus in tones of reverence, "that 'was lovely! Will yer kindly tell me where ye're preaching next Sunday, I should so like to 'ear yer at yer best."

—Boston Transcript.

PANEL-DOCTOR (to patient, a taxi-driver): Well, what's the matter?

TAXI-DRIVER: Feelin' a bit groggy abah the chassis, doctor.—Punch.

The security that comes from first mortgages on carefully appraised homes, apartments and office buildings—properties that are income producing. Additional safety because they are issued against properties in Detroit—a city where diversified industries and growing population assure stability of income return.

United States Mortgage Bonds are issued in denominations as low as \$100. Write for latest book.

UNITED STATES MORTGAGE BOND COMPANY LIMITED
Howard C. Wade, President
352 U. S. Mortgage Bond Bldg.
Detroit, Mich.

Capital \$1,000,000 Resources more than \$10,000,000

In Canada
United Bond Co., Ltd., Toronto & Windsor, Ont.

Or you can buy United First Mortgage Bonds guaranteed as to Principle and Interest. Complete information on request.

6 1/2% UNITED BONDS

Protect your gums and
save your teeth



Forhan's
FOR
THE
GUMS

JUST as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do the teeth under the gum-line. If the gums shrink from the tooth-base, serious dangers result. The teeth are weakened. They are loosened. They are exposed to tooth-base decay. The gums themselves tender up. They form sacs which become the doorways of organic disease for the whole system. They disfigure the mouth in proportion as they recede.

Forhan's prevents this gum-decay called Pyorrhea, which attacks four out of five people over forty.

Use Forhan's every tooth-brush time to preserve gum health and tooth wholesomeness. Tender gum spots are corrected. The gum-tissues are hardened and vigorized to support sound, unloosened teeth.

Forhan's is used as a dentifrice, though no dentifrice possesses its peculiar gum-tissue action.

If gum shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

In 35c and 60c tubes at all drug-gists in the United States.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.
FORHAN CO.
New York
Forhan's, Ltd.
Montreal

"Didn't you give me too much change?"

OFTEN and often, at the news stands in these hotels, you'll see people showing pleased surprise at finding things priced no higher than in outside stores. They expect to be charged more than the standard price when they buy in a hotel. They aren't charged more, here.

When you buy a two-cent local paper at the news stand in any of these hotels, you pay *two cents*—not three cents or more—for it, just as you would on the street.

When you buy cigars, cigarettes, candy or other standard merchandise, you pay *the standard price*—just as you would in street stores.

That is one of the ways, and a typical way, in which these hotels carry out the basic Statler policy of full and honest value for your money in every transaction.

Some Extra Values You Get in These Hotels:

Many of the newer of the country's first-class hotels give you some of these things; but, so far as we know, the Statlers are still unique in providing all of them:

Every—every—room in these hotels has a private bath, circulating ice-water, full-length mirror, completely-equipped writing desk, reading-lamp on bed-head or portable reading-lamp, or both, pincushion (with threaded needles, buttons, etc.), besides the more usual conveniences.

A morning paper is delivered free to every guest room.

In each hotel is a cafeteria, or a lunch-counter, or both—in addition to its other excellent restaurants. Club breakfasts—good club breakfasts—are served in all the hotels.

Each hotel maintains a large and well-selected library; you may withdraw books and keep them as long as you remain in the hotel, without charge.



Rates are unusually low, in comparison with those of other first-class hotels:

Single rooms are from \$3 in Cleveland, Detroit, and St. Louis; from \$3.50 in Buffalo, and from \$4 in New York.

Twin-bed rooms (for two) are from \$5.50 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; from \$6.50 in Buffalo, and from \$7 in New York.

And remember that every room in these houses has its own private bath, circulating ice-water and many other con-

veniences of equipment and furnishings that are unusual—such as, for instance, the bed-head reading-lamp, the full-length mirror, the morning paper that is delivered to your room before you wake.

In every room, too, is posted a card on which is printed the price of that room. We believe in the policy of one price and a square deal—and therefore mark our goods in plain figures.

Boston's Hotel Statler is Building:

In the Park Square District of Boston the new Hotel Statler is building,—1300 rooms, 1300 baths—to be opened late in 1926. Adjoining the hotel is The Statler Office Building, with 200,000 sq. ft. of desirable space for offices.

Buffalo—and Niagara

The newest Hotel Statler, (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is in Buffalo—delightfully situated on Niagara Square. Across the street from it is the new Statler Garage, a marvel of convenience throughout—and especially appreciated by tourists visiting NIAGARA FALLS, which is but 23 miles away. The old Hotel Statler in Buffalo is now called HOTEL BUFFALO.

STATLER

Buffalo~Cleveland~Detroit~St. Louis

HOTELS

Hotel Pennsylvania New York

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On Seventh Avenue, 32d to 33d Streets, directly opposite the Pennsylvania Station. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

And Statler-Operated Hotel Pennsylvania~New York

"A cut above the ordinary"

IF, LIKE MOST MEN, your taste runs to Turkish Blend cigarettes and you are seeking one a cut above the ordinary because of the finer grades of tobacco it contains, then learn from Fatima *what a whale of a difference just a few cents make*



WHAT A WHALE OF A DIFFERENCE JUST A FEW CENTS MAKE

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Tested

"JOYFUL living," declares Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, Chicago's Commissioner of Health, "gives beauty to any face." Our personal experience, based on a glance in the mirror after a merry evening, is otherwise.

The HAMILTON HOTEL

J. A. Sherrard, General Manager
G. J. Sherrard, Associate Manager

Centre of Bermuda's social life.
Largest hotel—400 outside rooms,
325 with baths. Fireproof. All
outdoor sports, thruout winter.
Attractive rates. Opens Jan. 11.

BERMUDA

New York Office, Spur Travel Bureau,
485 Fifth Avenue, or
any travel bureau

The Louvain Library Fund

It is announced that recent large contributions completed the Fund amount needed to restore the Louvain Library.

We rejoice that the work is finished and America's promise made good, and to know that the new Library, free from all debt, will stand, a thing of beauty for the joy of future generations, a noble, lasting memorial to the American boys who gave their lives for their country in the Great War.

Previously acknowledged..	\$952.00
One who has seen the	
Battlefields.....	1.00
Lena Bascom, New York..	.10
F. S. B., Boston.....	3.00
Mrs. H. A. Kimball, Concord, N. H.....	10.00
	<hr/> \$966.10

We have turned in for the Fund \$966.10, and offer earnest thanks to the friends who enabled us to do it.

Mosul

(On the Discovery of Oil in Mesopotamia)

In olden days,
In golden days,
When camels trod the plain,
And men of deeds,
On Arab steeds,
Dashed wildly in their train:
Sennacherib his palace planned,
And strongly built, and ably manned,
And here his little court held sway.
They're finding oil right here to-day.

In old Mosul
The winged gull
Here finds the food it needs,
And derricked toil
Brings forth the oil
That fills our iron-clad steeds.
Sennacherib, his chariots fled,
Now sleeps among the silent dead.
Machinery's new world is born;
Swiftness, and light, and siren horn.
A. D. P.

WHEN a traffic cop bawls you out, be nonchalant and light—a bomb.



She Needn't Have Whispered It!

Her dinner partner saw her swallow it, and she explained, "I couldn't eat all that rich food if I didn't help it along!" Then he smiled—and took the same little tablet from his pocket. "I had to watch what I ate, too, before I discovered Stuart's!"

Is there 100% relief for dyspepsia—indigestion—sour stomach? Yes! Give your digestive system a chance, and it will function with almost *any* kind of food—even doughnuts; baked beans; dishes cooked with onions. Stuart's dyspepsia tablets give your stomach the *alkaline* it needs—and that's all there is to it!

Hearty eaters—hard smokers—high livers—find Stuart's a boon and blessing!

Full Box FREE!

Every druggist has Stuart's tablets, 25c and 60c. Or, a full box free if you write the F. A. Stuart Company, Dept. 31 Marshall, Mich. Get a metal box of Stuart's for the pocket—and keep it filled! *A new stomach for twenty-five cents.*

STUART'S

DYSPEPSIA

TABLETS

Rhymed Reviews

Drums

By James Boyd Chas. Scribner's Sons

A LAD of Highland Scotch descent,
A country-bred North Carolinian
Was hopeful Johnny Fraser, Gent.,
When George the Third affirmed
dominion.

While parsing lines and doing sums,
Untouched by hate or persecution
Our hero heard the roll of drums
Portending war and revolution.

No love had he of talking big,
No lust for brutal martial glory;
The British made him half a Whig,
The blowhards kept him half a Tory.

Yet, borne a-sea to risk his bones
In cannon-roar and musket-rattle,
He held the tops for John Paul Jones
And helped him win his fiercest
battle.

Then, home again among his peers,
He fought to save his native region
Among the charging mountaineers
Who daunted Tarleton's hated
Legion.

He knew a country purged with pain
Of evil rant and foolish babble;
He knew the labor, stress and strain
That forged an army from a rabble.

He saw the woodsmen long and lean,
The stanch blue ranks in close for-
mation,
The hard-drilled troops who followed
Greene
To win a war and found a nation.

So here's a tale of manners, men
And minds, with just enough of fight-
ing
To help the action now and then,
And lots of true and vivid writing.

Arthur Guiterman.

Probably Blameless

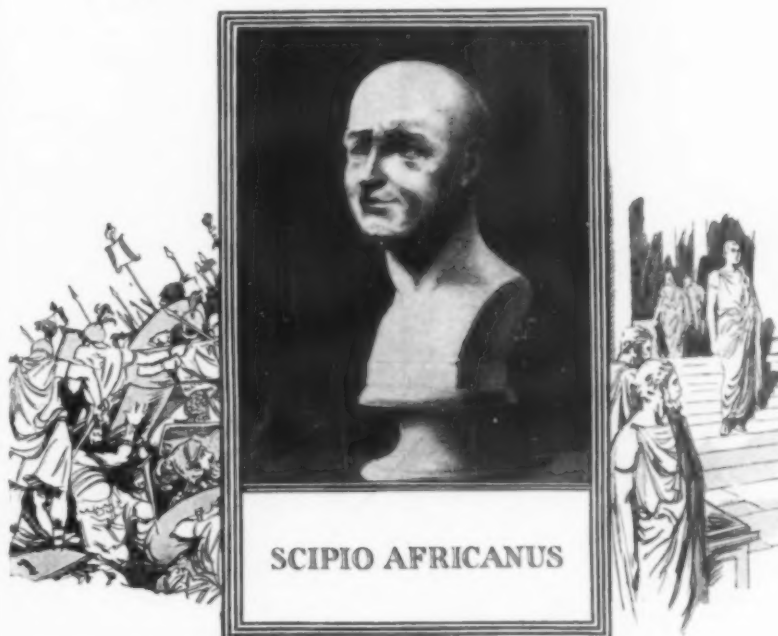
A SLIGHT decrease in the death rate for New York City has been reported for the last year. A statement is said to be forthcoming from the Taxicab Drivers' Association disclaiming all responsibility.

FACIAL ERUPTIONS
unsightly and annoying - im-
proved by one application of

Resinol

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Why Scipio was called the most elegant gentleman of his time



SCIPIO AFRICANUS

ALTHOUGH Scipio Africanus never got into a controversy over the question of having a unified air service, few of our present-day celebrities have greater renown than he had when he was "going good."

Scipio hung up a long string of important military victories, brought the championship of the Mediterranean League to Rome, and spoke Latin fluently.

But that was not all. "The younger Africanus was the first who adopted the custom of shaving every day."

—Pliny's Natural History, Book 7, Chapter 59.

It was because he had progressive ideas and saw the advantage of the daily shave that Scipio won the reputation of being the most elegant gentleman of his time.

The Analogy Between Scipio and Colgate's

By causing whiskers to come off, Scipio was distinguished among his compatriots. Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream is distin-

guished for causing whiskers to come off more easily.

It makes the daily shave a matter of but a few minutes, with no nerve-racking accompaniments.

Colgate's Softens the Beard at the Base

The moist, fine-texture lather goes directly to the base of the hair, where it is most needed. It softens the toughest beard almost instantly, and so effectively that the razor has no more pull than a Bolshevik could develop at Washington.

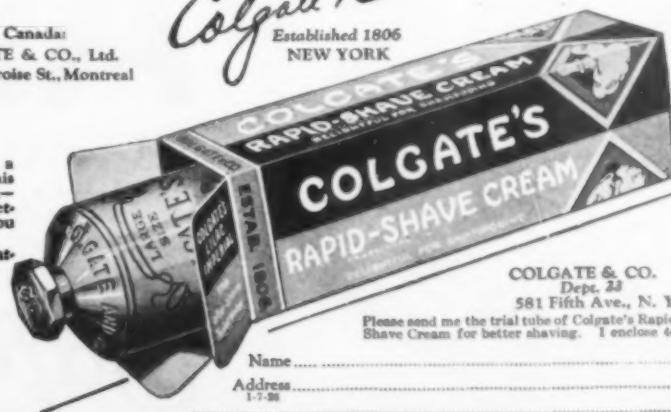
Millions of men find Colgate's greatly superior to anything else they have ever used for taking discomfort out of shaving. It combines the best qualities of other shaving creams, and has important merits that are not to be found in any of the rest.

Colgate's needs no mussy rubbing in with the fingers. It leaves the face cool, velvety and refreshed.

In Canada:
COLGATE & CO., Ltd.
72 St. Ambrose St., Montreal

Colgate's
Established 1806
NEW YORK

Let us send you a trial tube of this marvelous Cream—enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had. Please use the attached coupon.



COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 23
581 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name

Address

1-7-36



THE REDDY TEE — CLEAN

FROM Fall to Spring, making a sand tee is a difficult, finger-chilling job. The sand is either frozen or wet; it is hard to make a tee that will stand up, and cold, wet hands make good drives impossible. Reddy Tees can be placed just as you want them in a jiffy, and insure dry, clean hands, clean clothes, clean grips, clean drives.

Used and advocated by the majority of "Pros" in the United States, Great Britain and Canada.

Get REDDY TEES (The Original) from your "Pro." 18 in a handy box—only 25c. Yellow or red as you prefer. They are ALL WOOD, air dried, one piece white birch.

Your "Pro" Knows

THE NIEBLO MFG. CO., INC.
38 EAST 23RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY



Oh, Lady, Lady Nicotine

("The oldest work on tobacco printed in English was done in 1595 for William Barlow."—*London Answers*.)

LIFE considers the appended fragment from "the oldest work on tobacco printed in English" not only authentic but positively inspired:

Atte Laste! Ye Reale Joye Smoke!

Goode newes. Lordes and Common-yers! Springalds and Squires! Bringe out ye olde Jaymes-pype, fille it to the brimme with JERSEY TWIST, fyre uppe, and manne, oh manne, whatte a dyfferent olde worlde she is!

Yea, sirrah! Aged in the woode from the vaste plantations of the Virginias, ande every whiffe as sweete and coole as a buss from Pocahontas, the red-skinned sauage beauty. Byte and stynges, carke and care are removed by a patented processe of old Bill Barlow's, and only the goode, the sere, the mellow leaf flavour is lefte to cozen thy palate.

Sir Walter Raleigh himself will smoke none other. Master Shakespere hath written of JERSEY TWIST (in friendly jeste), "the rankest compound of villainous smelle that ever offended nostrille." 'Tis as pungent as Good Queene Besse her witte, yet as milde as a minister's eye. One sample ounce of Bill Barlow's JERSEY TWIST, and as God's my life, thou'lt never cram other in churchwarden or cutty!

A shilling in London—Unhearde of in the Colonies. H. W. H.

It's always fair weather when Floridians get together.



A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON



You Can't
Comb Out
Dandruff

WHEN a fat woman steps on a scale, she always experiences a sinking feeling.

Genuine
BAYER
ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Headache Neuralgia Colds Lumbago
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

Safe

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Fable from the Insomniac

ONCE upon a time, Satan was standing behind the High Throne. The Book of Job and H. G. Wells' "New Book of Job" both teach us that Satan, though not *persona gratissima* at the Royal Court, has a certain status there. To a departing messenger, Omniscience was closing a refusal with these words: "The days of old men on the earth are heavy, and, therefore, in my kindness, I have made them few"; and he turned, with infinite impatience, to a messenger from Alpha Centauri.

The distance from this world to Alpha Centauri is so great that it takes a skilled astronomer one hour to think of it; and then he does not understand it. If our solar system should be hurled into Alpha Centauri and should fall on some sidewalk and be smashed, the only thought of the police would be to decide which of the nearer shopkeepers should be told to sweep it up.

But I may be wrong. The messenger may have been from Beta Ceti. The sky is all spangled up with such huge places, and even experts get them mixed.

Be that as it may, Satan stepped up quickly and whispered, softly, in the ear of Omniscience: "Aye, Master, the days of old men on the earth are few. I have thought of a way to balance that. May I try it?"

Omniscience did not turn his head to see who it was and said, in a quick, vexed tone, "Yes"; because even Eternity must be subdivided in an orderly manner and a sparrow that falls to the ground must be left, sometimes, to the discretion of subordinates. Satan ran out and stumbled into Michael.

Satan threw his arm around the Archangel's neck, and then did a Snake Dance. "What the deuce!" said Michael. "What is wrong now?" "You remember the earth?" said the Serpent of Hell. "You know I do," said Michael. "You know that my oculist says that I spend too much time at the microscope. Anything infinitely small and infinitely queer, I am likely not to forget."

"On earth," said Satan, "the days of old men are few." Michael nodded, gravely. "And therefore," continued the devil, with a cunning grin, "it has been decreed, graciously, that on earth the nights of old men shall be very, very long." *N. M.*

FOR DANDRUFF
GLOVER'S exercises an antiseptic effect on the scalp. Cleanses, stimulates. Send for GLOVER'S HANDBOOK on the Scalp and Hair; free on request. It will tell you many things you should know. Write Dept. P-2, H. Clay Glover Co., Inc., 119-121 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GLOVER'S

IMPERIAL

MANGE MEDICINE



At Druggists, Barbers or Hairdressers

A Good Radio ~ A Happy Home



Model S-F-5

The World's Greatest Radio Receiver!

New and Improved **FRESHMAN MASTERPIECE**

With Built-in Loud Speaker of Great Volume and Superb Tone

This five tube wonder set is encased in as fine a heavy five-ply genuine mahogany cabinet as ever graced any radio receiver.

The Freshman Masterpiece is selective too. It is equipped with the new Freshman straight line wave length condenser with vernier adjustment, which assures hair-line selectivity, and permits you to tune in any station you want without interference, over the entire broadcasting range.

**Sold on Convenient Terms by Authorized Freshman
Dealers, Who also Install and Service Them.**

*Write for 24 page illustrated booklet, full of
useful information for all radio fans. It's free.*

CHAS. FRESHMAN CO., INC. Freshman Building, New York
2626 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago

The Luxury Cruise to the Mediterranean PALESTINE & EGYPT



A pleasure cruise exceeding every expectation—
Luxurious comfort, perfect service, enjoyable enter-
tainment, on board the "Rotterdam."
Scenic splendor, strange and thrilling sights in interesting
Old World lands.

(By the famous "Rotterdam" 5th Cruise)
Leaving New York, February 2, 1926

Under the
HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE'S
own management

The "ROTTERDAM"
24,170 tons register,
37,190 tons displacement

Has a world-wide reputa-
tion for the magnificence
and comfort of her appoint-
ments, the surpassing excel-
lence of her cuisine and the
high standards of service
and management on board.

Sixty-seven Days of Delightful Diversion

ITINERARY includes Madeira, Lisbon, Cadiz,
Seville, Gibraltar, Algiers, Tunis, Athens, Con-
stantinople, the Holy Land and Egypt, Italy and
the Riviera. Carefully planned Shore Excursions.
Stopover in Europe.

Number of guests limited

Cost of cruise \$900 up

American Express Co. Agents in Charge of
Shore Excursions

For choice selection of accommodations make reservations NOW

Illustrated Folder "L" on request

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

21-24 State Street, New York

Luxury Cruise to the
WEST INDIES
27 Days
(Holland-America Line
in cooperation with the
Frank Tourist Co.)
by the **Luxurious**
E.S. VEENDAM
Leaving New York Feb. 16, 1926

Boston, Philadelphia, Pitts-
burgh, Chicago, Minneapo-
lis, St. Louis, Detroit, At-
lanta, Ga., Seattle, New
Orleans, San Francisco,
Mexico City, Montreal,
Toronto, Winnipeg.

Or any authorized
Steamship Agent



Waldo Wisecrack: SAY, POP, WHEN A MERMAID DIES AND
GOES TO HEAVEN, DO THEY GIVE HER A PAIR OF
WATER WINGS?

"YES—AND A LIFE PRESERVER FOR A HALO—NOW
RUN ALONG."

This is BETTER SUBSCRIBE Week!



IN keeping with its
policy of doing big
things in a bigger and
better way, LIFE has set
aside this entire week
(month, year) for the
promotion and advance-
ment of coupon signing
and subscribing.

* *
*

WE want you to help
us put this cam-
paign over with a Bang!

* *
*

Sally Subscriber Says:—

"If you can't afford the
price of a subscription,
why don't you S. O. S.
your old man?"

answer the call. But besides the honor, there are
certain definite rewards. These include four big
special numbers—Working Girls', Tropical, Radio
and St. Patrick's—all of which will be published
within the next ten weeks. Don't miss them. Start
the new year right, and—

Obey That Impulse!

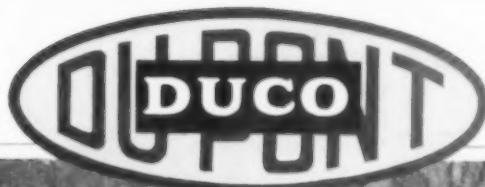
LIFE

598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

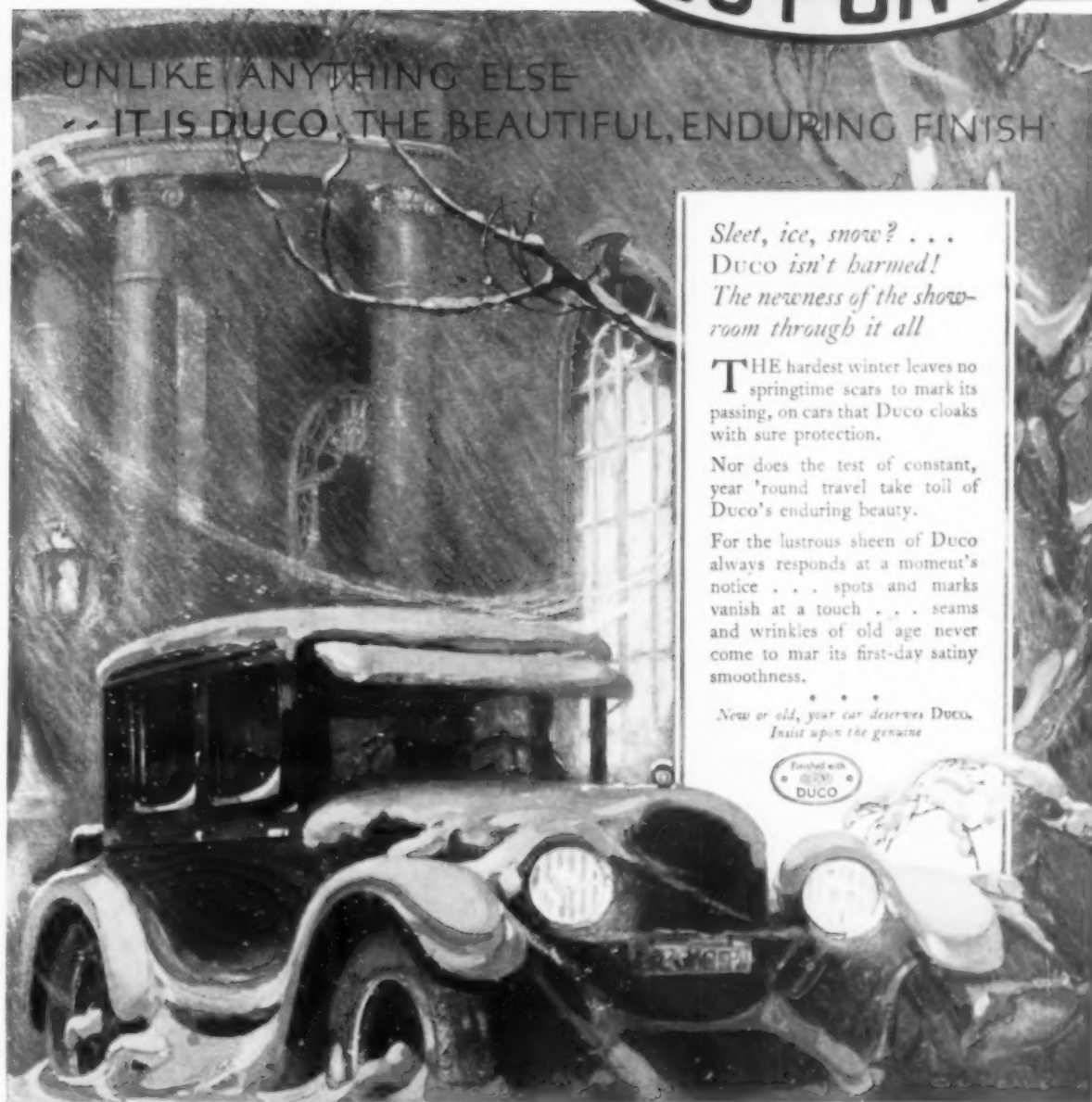
Please send me LIFE for ten weeks, for which I enclose One Dollar
(Canadian, \$1.20; Foreign, \$1.40)

(396)

By the year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)



UNLIKE ANYTHING ELSE
-- IT IS DUCO, THE BEAUTIFUL, ENDURING FINISH



*Sleet, ice, snow? . . .
Duco isn't harmed!
The newness of the show-
room through it all*

THE hardest winter leaves no
springtime scars to mark its
passing, on cars that Duco cloaks
with sure protection.

Nor does the test of constant,
year 'round travel take toll of
Duco's enduring beauty.

For the lustrous sheen of Duco
always responds at a moment's
notice . . . spots and marks
vanish at a touch . . . seams
and wrinkles of old age never
come to mar its first-day satiny
smoothness.

*New or old, your car deserves Duco.
Insist upon the genuine*



THE beauty and mechanical perfection of modern
motor cars are due to the vision, courage and
sincerity of the leaders of the automobile industry . . .
. . . The untiring effort which each of these men
has exerted, in improving his own cars, has led to
the improvement of all automobiles . . .
. . . and the possibility of adding a single desirable
quality has always outweighed the cost or inconve-
nience such a change might involve.
It is this unselfish devotion to the ideal of
greater service which has given to the world
motor cars with greater power, greater com-



fort, greater beauty of line and color . . . and now—
the ENDURING beauty of DUCO!

It is quite natural that these far-seeing makers should
immediately recognize in Duco the revolutionary
differences, in appearance and service, which dis-
tinguish it from all perishable, old-time finishes . . .
. . . and that they should extend to you, in their Duco-
finished cars, the *visible assurance of enduring beauty.*

DUCO was created and is produced only by E. I. du Pont
de Nemours & Co., Inc., Chemical Products
Division, Parkin, N. J., Detroit, Mich., Chicago,
Ill., San Francisco, Cal., Everett, Mass., or
Flint Paint & Varnish Limited, Toronto, Canada.

There is only ONE Duco — DU PONT Duco

Beech-Nut

CANDY

FRUIT DROPS

Pure fruit
flavors



ORANGE-LEMON-LIME